

# The Academy

## and Literature.

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## The Literary Week.

WE have received 120 new books and reprints since our last issue. There is no outstanding work among them, but we may mention the following as worthy of particular consideration:—

- THE ETHICS OF GREEN, SPENCER AND MARTINEAU. By Henry Sidgwick.  
 MUTUAL AID: A FACTOR OF EVOLUTION. By P. Kropotkin.  
 JOHN LACKLAND. By Kate Norgate.  
 THE EL Dorado OF THE ANCIENTS. By Dr. Carl Peters.  
 FORSTER'S LIFE OF DICKENS. Abridged and revised by George Gissing.  
 THE DEEPS OF DELIVERANCE. By Dr. Van Eeden.  
 DONNA DIANA. By Richard Bagot.

THE first volume mentioned above contains the lectures which, we are told in a preface by Miss Constance Jones of Girton College, Prof. Sidgwick's pupils' "listened to with delight." Miss Jones is also responsible for an excellent analytical summary. "Spencer and Green," says the late Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, in his opening lecture, "represent two lines of thought divergent from my own in opposite directions, but agreeing in that they do not treat Ethics as a subject that can stand alone. Spencer bases it on Science, Green on Metaphysics."

MISS KATE NORGATE'S learned work on "the worst of the Angevin kings" is rather a history of John's motives and actions, than a history of England under John. It was J. R. Green, that "vivid little man" in Tennyson's phrase, who gave John body and personality in these lines: "The closer study of John's history clears away the charges of sloth and incapacity with which men tried to explain the greatness of his fall. The awful lesson of his life rests on the fact that the king who lost Normandy, became the vassal of the Pope, and perished in a struggle of despair against English freedom, was no weak and indolent voluptuary, but the ablest and most ruthless of the Angevins."

DR. CARL PETERS' new travel book is excellently equipped with maps and illustrations. In it the author sets out to prove that the earliest historical nations obtained their ivory, gold, and precious stuffs from South Africa, and that the "Ophir" of the time of Solomon was the country lying between the Lower Zambesi and the Limpopo River.

MR. GEORGE GISSING, who is a sound authority on Dickens matters, has in his abbreviation of Forster's *Life* preserved as far as possible the autobiographic matter of the original. Here and there Mr. Gissing has substituted critical remarks of his own for Forster's, and the biographer no longer writes in the first person.

It is not often that three members of a family write stories. *Tales by Three Brothers* bears upon its title page the names of Phil Robinson, E. Kay Robinson, and H. Perry Robinson, and its dedication reads thus: "To Harriett Woodcock Robinson, now in her eighty-third year, these tales are affectionately inscribed by her Sons."

WE can hardly suppose that our note last week on a contemporary's "Personal Sketches" has altered the editor's scheme. But the sketch printed this week, with Mr. Maurice Hewlett for subject, is practically free from personal matter. Indeed, the only personality in the article is as follows: "The first thing that strikes you about Maurice Hewlett is that he has one wicked eye and one saintly one."

THE will of the late Mr. Philip James Bailey has been proved at £407. The smallness of the sum, perhaps, is not remarkable when we remember the devotion of the author to his one work; but it suggests the old reflection that literature is often its own only reward.

SOME weeks ago we referred to a fund which was being raised to provide a memorial to Robert Stephen Hawker, in Morwenstow Church. A correspondent desirous of contributing wishes to know to whom his offering should be sent. We shall be glad if the treasurer of the fund will forward us his address.

MANY of those who attempted this week's competition did not clearly distinguish between slang proper and words or phrases which have merely become current. The following is an ingenious list, but the first example does not fall within the scope of our competition:—

I have yet room for *six scotches* more.  
—“Antony and Cleopatra.”

You are like to *lose your hair*.  
—“Tempest.”

What *cheer*, madam.  
—“Cymbeline.”

The game is *up*.  
I cannot tell *what the dickens* his name is.  
—“Merry Wives.”

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, in his address delivered to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, compared the relative values of the philosophy of philosophers and the philosophy of poets. Naturally, Mr. Austin was on the side of the poets. Poetry does not deal with material things, but with the things of the spirit, and all the great poets were of the same way of thinking. The secondary poets, said Mr. Austin, were the rebels, “fermenting insurrection against the divine and enduring dispensation. The greater poets were reconcilers, and to the best of their limited powers, justified the ways of God to man.” In conclusion, the Poet Laureate begged his audience and the public to read fewer novels and newspapers and more poetry, and then Prof. Saintsbury moved a vote of thanks and said that he could not come to any decision in the matter of the origin of the Laureateship. But the affair was not quite all sweetness, for Mr. Austin, in referring to dramatic poets, said he did not mean by that term writers “who concocted plays in verse that lent themselves to the self-love of this or that actor, or to showy stage mounting for the delectation of the theatre-going public of the hour.”

WE were astonished the other morning to see in the *Daily News*, at the head of a column, and in large type, the question “Who Killed Rudyard Kipling?” But this only meant that Mr. G. K. Chesterton had been reading a story by Mr. Kipling. He says, “The death of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, which is announced in the current number of the *Strand Magazine*, may turn out, after all, to be a false alarm.” And Mr. Chesterton goes on to elaborate a theory that the wrong sort of imperialism has brought Mr. Kipling to what he calls a “lowest hell.” Well, we do not consider the story in question to be anywhere near Mr. Kipling's highest level, but we dislike a form of criticism which allows itself to be dominated by the strongest bias. Majuba, of course, is the word which so excites Mr. Chesterton's indignation. Upon the matter of Majuba Mr. Kipling and Mr. Chesterton happen to disagree. Political views are one thing, the art of fiction is quite another. Mr. Chesterton, when he is writing for the *Daily News*, appears to confound the two.

AMONGST its many activities the India Office takes upon itself to issue a catalogue of the native books comprised in its library. The second volume—Part III.—of this Catalogue has just reached us. To run the eye down these unfamiliar titles with their extraordinary multiplication of vowels is to be conscious of a kind of madness in the mere form and juxtaposition of letters. The original title of each work is given with its English equivalent. Thus under the heading of “Divination and Magic,” we read: “Svarodayasāra. A Work on Divination. By Charana Dāsa,

pp. 32. Oblong”; and under “Ethics” we find: “Jñāna-chālist. Moral Precepts, in forty stanzas.” This work, by Srilāla, which is now in its eleventh edition, consists of only seven pages, 16mo.

THERE is a revived tendency nowadays amongst the writers of verse to endeavour to present a single idea or thought in the form of an aphorism. The scheme presents obvious difficulties, for it implies the definite thought or idea. From a volume of verse entitled *The House Builders*, by Mr. M. B. Williams, we extract the following:—

Naked came the world to God,  
“Clothe me, Lord, ashamed am I.”  
Quoth the good Lord, “Poetry,  
Be Thy robe and mystery.”

Victory, not defeat,  
Is treacherous to the feet.

To a rich world you've come  
Make it your home  
Nor fly to other scenes!  
Beyond's a dream,  
And this, is what it seems.

PROFESSOR BEECHING, who has just been appointed to the vacant Canonry of Westminster, is hardly as well known to the public as he deserves. He has a keen sense of what is best in literature, and a sure critical judgment. Prof. Beeching's first publication was a volume of verse entitled *Love in Idleness*, in which he had for collaborators Mr. J. W. Mackail (the author of the *Life of William Morris*) and Mr. Nichols, who is now art critic to a contemporary. In prose Prof. Beeching has published several volumes, including *Pages from a Private Diary*, and *Conferences on Men and Books*. It is possible that some readers first became acquainted with Prof. Beeching as a poet by the inclusion of his “Prayers” in Mr. Henley's anthology of verse for boys, *Lyra Heroica*, from which we quote the opening stanza:—

God who created me  
Nimble and light of limb,  
In three elements free,  
To run, to ride, to swim:  
Not when the sense is dim,  
But now from the heart of joy,  
I would remember Him:  
Take the thanks of a boy.

In the same excellent anthology, too, was included a poem, “Theology in Extremis,” by Sir Alfred Lyall, whose book on Tennyson we review in this issue.

WHATEVER people do not read, they certainly do read sermons. The “Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit” printed last week the late C. H. Spurgeon's two thousand eight hundredth sermon, which means that each week for forty-eight years an original sermon by him has been printed. And the publishers have in hand sufficient unpublished MSS. to issue a sermon every week for many years to come. This is almost a staggering fact, for whatever one may think of Spurgeon it at least represents a stupendous and untiring energy. And something of the secret of that energy one detects in the portrait of the preacher which decorates the cover of the “Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.” It is a face shrewd, keen, eminently dogged, assertive, yet capable of humorous expression. Far apart as the men were in temperament and outlook, one

recognises a kind of brotherhood of sincerity and strength between Zola and Spurgeon. They were both preachers, and both had the inflexible purpose which wins disciples.

MR. GEORGE SWEETMAN, bookseller, Wincanton, has addressed to the *Bookseller's Circular* a letter which is full of a naive and healthy spirit. "I think," he begins, "the bookseller ought to be the happiest of men," and he proceeds to give his reasons for that opinion. The curious thing is that the reasons have no special application to booksellers. Mr. Sweetman likes "of a Sunday afternoon to walk two, three, or four miles," admiring the scenery as he goes. He is neither botanist nor angler, but he loves geology. Angling and hunting, indeed, he considers "cruel," and football and cricket are "time-wasting." Mr. Sweetman is all for "enlarging the mind." On these lines he has "no time for melancholy, and I have found the folly of worry." We admire Mr. Sweetman's easy philosophy, particularly when he says, "I enjoy the present, and look forward to a continuation of it under more favourable circumstances." The life of a bookseller—in Wincanton—seems almost ideal.

THE *Dial* prints a thoughtful and well-written article on "Literary Cosmopolitanism." The writer quite justly takes note of the fact that modern literature is not so self-contained as it was a century ago, that it has incorporated tendencies and ideas outside its national borders, and become more typical of universal life than of provincial life. The influence of America in this direction he naturally considers strong; too strong, we think. That the counsel of Emerson encouraged us to broaden our view is true enough, though the active influence of Emerson upon English thought might easily be overrated. That the American translations of Goethe and Dante provided us with "a wholesome incentive to deal more seriously with the masterpieces of foreign literature," we take leave to doubt. The interest in Goethe and Dante in England was quite wide and sincere without the aid of translations, and though translations increased their readers they hardly did much for true appreciation, except, perhaps, in the case of Cary's translation of Dante, which the *Dial* writer appears to have overlooked. And sometimes he asks questions which need never have been put, as thus: "May it not . . . be urged, and plausibly too, that each race or nation has its own peculiar genius, and that this genius will bring forth its finest fruits if left to develop in accordance with the principle of its own being." Of course: the whole history of literature proclaims the fact. When the writer set down the following, however, he was on sure ground:—

French literature alone remained until the eighteenth century in a condition of comparative isolation from outside influences, and has, ever since the times of Rousseau and Voltaire and the author of *De l'Allemagne*, preserved its indigenous characteristics and kept its own counsel more completely than the literature of any other modern nation.

That is perfectly true, and though French literature is now showing signs of outside influence it still remains astonishingly, and even painfully, French.

MISS JANE BARLOW'S Donegal sketches, now appearing in the *Pilot*, show once more their author's remarkable gifts of vision and condensation. It is all very simple and unobtrusive, but the true fibre of life is there. After describing the interior of a cabin Miss Barlow writes: "But the jewel of the house was the fire on the hearth, a pyramid of blossom-like white and pink, with a ruby glowing at its core. . . . Nevertheless the *banati* apologised

for her fire, on the grounds that the sods were not yet properly dry." Says the old widow, "Glory be to goodness, it's a very pleasant thing to have one's plenty of turf." It hardly needs knowledge of Miss Barlow's particular district to recognise the intimacy of her work; but to those who have that knowledge every line recalls some memory or impression.

IN the current issue of the *Forum* Prof. Trent discusses what he calls "A Problem for Critics." Is it better, he asks, to let a bad book by an established author pass to the public uncriticised, or to deal with it without fear or favour? To that question there can be only one honest answer; else, criticism would sign its own death warrant. The established author who writes a bad book—provided, that is, that his reputation was built up on sound work—should be judged merely on the basis of that book. He has set his own standard, and by it he must be judged. Prof. Trent seems to be preoccupied by the belief that distinguished men of letters are in the habit of giving their imprimatur to books which are unworthy because those books happen to have been written by their friends. "Reviews of this character," he says, "are becoming so usual that it is scarcely necessary to cite examples." But it is precisely examples that we want. In England, at any rate, that kind of criticism is happily rare, but the old bogey of unfair reviewing is still too often put up by people who think they have grievances.

MR. ANDREW LANG has been writing in the *Morning Post* about "Literary Interviews." Concerning their interest to the public Mr. Lang is doubtful. He regards the public as a long-suffering community which "is often supplied with articles which it is believed to demand, when it is really indifferent." There we quite agree with Mr. Lang, and he is perfectly sound, too, when he asserts that the public, as a rule, is quite oblivious of the name of the author who happens to write a book which it liked. The following passage touching the confusion of personalities reads almost like burlesque, but our own experience assures us that it is perfectly true:—

For many years—nay, still, perhaps—the world thought that Mr. George Meredith was the late Lord Lytton, and that Mr. Matthew Arnold was the author of *The Light of Asia*. A lady told me that *The Light of Asia* was Mr. Matthew Arnold's best poem, and I replied that to my taste Sir Edwin Arnold would ever be most remembered for his *Scholar Gipsy*. A gentleman, it is said, thanked Mr. Henry James for the pleasure which in boyhood he had derived from *Darnley, Gowerie*, and other romances by Mr. G. P. R. James. I have known a judge of this realm converse with the Poet Laureate under the impression that he was Mr. Austin Dobson.

Fortunately the literary interview is dying. We could wish that both it and the personal paragraph were dead.

WE understand that the late Mr. Lionel Johnson's library, which consisted of several thousand volumes, will be sold at Sotheby's. But this is hardly likely to occur before the New Year.

SIR W. B. RICHMOND, in the current issue of *Saint George*, has an interesting article entitled "Ruskin as I knew him." The author writes of Ruskin with the enthusiasm born of a long friendship begun, on his side, in very early youth. "He helped to furnish us all," he says, "with a desire for beauty, not only in Art but in life. It was, indeed, a privilege to have had such an intellectual as well as passionate enthusiasm grafted on early years, to have



had it as the very air we breathed and the bread we ate." But Sir W. B. Richmond's admiration does not carry him too far, or at any rate not to wholly uncritical lengths. The following passage is sound and just:—

The quality of his imagination, high as it was, undoubtedly came more readily into touch with the inanimate than with the animate.

As with Shelley, the weakest part of Ruskin's work is where it deals with human emotion as depicted in art. The great emotions, tribulations, and tragedies of life disturbed him, he was ill at ease among them; they had no place for him in art, however much they might occupy the political economics of another side of his mind. He could understand the emotions awakened by clouds, glaciers, and mountains; the tumble of the sea was too much for him.

His emotion was awakened, and his inspiration was enlivened by his acute sensibility to the earlier orders of creations.

His pantheism, while it was strong, did not include the tragedy of life.

This limitation was his strength, as well as a cause of weakness: the cause of it was reaction.

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*The Unspeakable Crosland*, which is described as a "Scot's Reply to *The Unspeakable Scot*," has so assertive and national a cover that it hurts the eyes to look at it. We do not propose to discuss further the question which Mr. Crosland raised, but the tone which the controversy—if controversy it be—has now assumed may be judged from the following extracts:—

Ah'm thinkin' thae English is juist a wheen o' seonrils.

Ye'll perceive that Crosland's a braw menseless carl. An' sure's his name's Crosland the de'il 'll awa' wi' him ane day.

Wha wes Shakespeare? He was a poet. The Burns o' England some micht ca' h'im.

And there is a great deal more of the same kind of dulness.

## Bibliographical.

MR. A. R. WALLER is to be congratulated on having unearthed Fuller's *Good Thoughts and Mixt Contemplations* and re-presented them in scholarly fashion. This is one of the few reprints which nowadays one can heartily applaud. Fuller's works have been by no means hackneyed during the last decade or two. A selection from them came out so long ago as 1818, but of late years the anthologies made up of his writings have been comparatively few. A selection from his *Wit and Wisdom* came out in 1886; *Thoughts of the Departed and Comfort to the Surviving*, in 1887; a collection of his *Wise Words and Quaint Counsels*, in 1892; and a treasury of his *Marvellous Wisdom and Quaint Conceits*, in 1893. Mr. Waller's reprint opens with Coleridge's *éloge* on Fuller, and closes with some bibliographical and general notes—the presence of the editor being obtruded, rightly, as little as possible.

The recently deceased Dr. Edward Eggleston ought to be fairly well known, through his writings, to English people. A round dozen of his works, at least, have been circulated from time to time in this country. Here is a list thereof: *The Hoosier School Boy* (1882), *Queer Stories for Boys and Girls* (1884), *The Graysons* (1888), *A First Book in American History* (1889), *A Household History of the United States* (1889), *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* (1890), *Rozy: a Tale of Indian Life* (1890), *The Faith-Doctor* (1891), *Duppels: a Romance* (1895), *The Circuit Rider: a Tale of American Methodism* (1895), *The Beginnings of a Nation: the Earliest English Settlements in America*

(1897), and *The Transit of Civilization from England to America in the Seventeenth Century* (1901).

I, for one, am looking forward pleasurable to the prospect of seeing Mr. George Seton's *Budget of Anecdotes* in a third and enlarged edition. The amusing little book came out originally in 1887 under the title of *A Budget of Anecdotes chiefly relating to the Current Century*, and in the course of his preface the "collector and arranger" said that "something like ninety per cent." of the stories had never before appeared in print. The new edition will probably have the effect of ranking the book at least on the same shelf with Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*—a store-house of "good things" of which we hear but little nowadays.

The new edition of Adelaide Sartoris's *A Week in a French Country House* will be welcome to many, and especially to those who read it when it came out originally in one of the magazines—the *Cornhill*, I fancy. In its book form it dates back, I think, to 1867. Mrs. Sartoris, who had her fair share of the ability of the Kembles, followed up the above-named work, in 1868, with a volume called *Medusa and Other Tales*. This, perhaps, is not so well remembered as its predecessor.

The promised illustrated edition of O. W. Holmes's *Breakfast Table* series will be, I suppose, the first of its kind, so far as the series as a whole is concerned. The *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* has been illustrated at least twice within the last twenty years—in 1881, when the publishers were Messrs. Chatto, and in 1893, when the work was issued in two volumes with drawings by Holmes's brother-American, Mr. Howard Pyle.

A new volume of verse by Miss (or Mrs.) Lilian Street comes with the information that she was the author of the anonymous volume called *Heartsease: a Cycle of Song*, which was published by Mr. Nutt last year. Formerly, it would seem, Miss (or Mrs.) Street confined herself to prose, in such books as *Little Plain Women and Others* (1895), *Nell and the Actor* (1897), *The World and Onora* (1898), and *Fitzjames* (1900).

At first sight it looks as if Miss Rhoda Broughton, in calling her new novel *Lavinia*, had got hold of a fresh thing in titles. But it is not so, for a story called *Lavinia* was written by the author of *Doctor Antonio*, and is, I believe, still on Mudie's list. The name of Lavinia has of course Virgilian and Shakespearean associations.

*Donna Diana* is the title of Mr. Richard Bagot's latest work of fiction. It naturally makes one think of the *Donna Diana* of Dr. Westland Marston; but that, of course, was a play, and, moreover, is nearly forty years old.

Let us hope that Mr. F. W. Bourdillon, for whom Mr. Daniel is to print a second series of *Ailes d'Alouette*, will by and bye put both series within the reach of the book-buying public. He was always very happy in "Short Swallow-Flights of Song"; I remember some which he contributed to the *Spectator* in the 'seventies—slight, but pretty and dainty. Of late years he has been fairly active as an author, for we have had his *Sursum Corda* (1893), his *Nephede: The Story of a Sonata* (1896), his *Minuseula: Lyrics of Nature, Art, and Love* (1897), and his revised text and translation of *Aucassin et Nicolette*.

One notes among the immediately forthcoming publications of *The Oxford Press* a reproduction of Henry Vaughan's *The Mount of Olives, or Solitary Devotions*. This, which originally appeared in 1652, is now edited by L. I. Guiney. Here is another reprint to which hearty welcome can be given.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## Tennyson Re-considered.

*Tennyson.* By Sir Alfred Lyall. (Macmillan. 2s. net.) This volume in the "English Men of Letters" series covers, of course, well-trodden ground. It was not possible to be very original, at this time of day, in criticism of Tennyson's work; while biographical material, outside Lord Tennyson's memoir of his father, is at once so scanty and so well-defined, that the only task becomes one of arrangement and proportion between the man and his work. On the whole Sir Alfred Lyall has done the work well, maintaining a due interrelation between the life and the poetry which was its outcome. Perhaps more detail would have been welcome regarding the earlier Tennyson, particularly his personal appearance, unfamiliar to those who know him by the later portraits. The critical portion is scholarly, refined, and appreciative, dwelling by choice rather on the positive than negative side of the poet's qualities.

Yet, when Tennyson's greatness is so recognised and admitted, more reference to that negative side than is to be found in these pages may not be inadmissible. Mr. Lang, indeed, has shown that the earlier Tennyson was more in advance of his fellows as a thinker than it has been the fashion to allow—even in scientific speculation. Sir Alfred Lyall does full justice to his happy use of science. But we have not the heart to agree with his reprobation of the exquisite bit in "In Memoriam":—

Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,  
That grief has shaken into frost.

To us, the feeling is too deep for any impression of over-ingenuity. To us, also, the image seems almost self-explanatory, without direct scientific knowledge. Yet this unquestionably touches one of the reasons which make science no such favourable material for poetry as some advocates would urge. A scientific fact must have become popularised before it can be used allusively without obscurity to the general reader: nor can the poet discard the general reader without limiting his audience and his popularity. And poetry is an art of allusion and pregnant statement, not of analysis: the poet who explains is lost. For this reason science seems even more impracticable as the ground-work of poetry.

But Tennyson's limitations, it may almost be said, lie not so much in this or that weakness as in the nature of his power—or one main source of his power. The gift on which Sir Alfred Lyall most constantly insists, in common with all admirers of Tennyson, is his pictorial quality, his "word-painting." A large proportion of the extracts in this book are chosen for their pictorial beauty. He deliberately cultivated it, sketching notes in verse of the scenes he visited as an artist would in colour. In his later work, when something of the earlier magic had departed from him, as FitzGerald, Canon Dixon, and many excellent critics have judged, this gift remained and stamped it with the Tennysonian mark. It is as perfect in the "Idylls of the King" as in the two "Marianas" (for example). To say this is to confess that the earlier Tennyson had a magic over and beyond this gift. He had. But the pictorial element was none the less preponderant in his work and genius. Now poetry is a wide territory, which on its borders lies conterminous with neighbouring kingdoms, ruled by the sister-arts of Painting and Music. On either border there is a debatable region in which the territories of the arts overlap and pass into each other. In proportion as you approach these disputed frontiers you remove from the true seat and central power of poetry. A poet like Shakespeare, inhabiting her central seat and heart, pushes his sway

thence even to the borders, governing all tracts at will. Lesser poets are content with some portion of that vast territory. But the marches (if we may use the term), the marches between poetry and painting are perhaps most remote of all from the true and central power of poetry. In other words, purely pictorial poetry is perhaps the lowest class of genuine poetry. It approximates to the province of another art, and recedes from that which makes poetry a distinctive art. Tennyson does not actually dwell in those marches, but he affects the border-province, at least, more than one could wish. His pictorial writing constantly has the special poetic touch and vision which adds a spell, of association or imagery, beyond the potentiality of painting, and justifies its separate existence as poetry. Yet the finest "word-painting" must needs be ranked as belonging to a lower order of song.

Tennyson, in this, has been more harmful to others than himself. In the earlier days, at least, he had much and magic things, beyond "word-painting." But his example has given pictorial verse a prestige, and raised it to an homage quite beyond its intrinsic value; so that we have flocks of poets who are "word-painters" and nothing more, mere vipers with painting, who dwell wholly on those marches of which we spoke. In still another way his authority, it seems to us, has made for a degeneracy which he did not in principle share. Sir Alfred Lyall follows the consentaneous voice of critics in praising him as a master of metre. Nor is the praise in any degree undeserved. He was indeed a master of metre, up to the full limit of his intention. But, by the necessary trend of his genius and the subject-matter which he chose as most proper for his genius, that intention was limited. In the main (we are aware of exceptions) he drew out only the flute-stop in the great organ of English metre—as one critic has said. Mellifluous beauty, in the most varied combinations, was his lifelong research. The forms were endlessly various, but the kind was always the same. Even when he left mere melody, and ascended to harmony, as in the irregular metre of the "Lotus-Eaters," and of the exquisite love-chant in "Maud," or in his blank verse, it was still melodious harmony. Italian would have sufficed him as a metrical instrument. The rugged and more virile possibilities of our capacious tongue he did not call upon in metre. Spenser before him had thus exploited the softer elements of English, and taught it to emulate the sweetness of the South. But the temper of the time was too masculine for his example to set an exclusive fashion: Shakespeare and Milton would alone have sufficed to take care of that. Spenser's influence only toned and mitigated what had else been the superabounding virility of the crescent tongue. Tennyson came on a later day; and was followed, not by a Shakespeare, but by a Swinburne. The decadent tongue took his impress all too readily, and another master of metre (for none would deny that title to Mr. Swinburne) was at hand to perpetuate it. Hence it has become forgotten that metre has any function but to titillate the ear. Melody is counted all in all. The fact that metre is an instrument of emotional expression, including (like music) discords among its means; the fine effect of great and rugged harmonies, given a fitting subject-matter; these things are unrecognised by a generation whose ear is grown effeminate. The intemperate protest of Browning and Meredith has only confirmed the existing fashion. Whether the example of Mr. Kipling and others betokens an effectual revolt and re-action it is hard to say. At present it meets mostly with blasphemies.

There are exceptions, as we have said, in Tennyson. Passages in "Lucretius," and more rarely in the "Idylls of the King," have a majesty and amplitude beyond his general style of metre. But the blank verse of the "Idylls of the King" as a whole decidedly errs on the

side of softness. All which, and all that we have said, merely amounts to the recognition that Tennyson is (as has been said long since by others) a garden-poet. He is never happier than in singing of English gardens, or that gentle English scenery which has in it so much of the well-kept and ordered garden. And the same instinct guides him always to the gentle and beautifully ordered, in metre as in everything else. His very politics, in their Conservative-Liberalism, partake of the "ordered garden" character. It is the strangest of contrasts that such a genius should have been associated with a frame of masculine and imposing strength, bearded and deep-voiced.

### Farewell Letters.

*Paris in 1789-94: Farewell Letters of Victims of the Guillotine.* By John Goldworth Alger. (George Allen. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. GOLDWORTH ALGER'S new volume on the French Revolution will, to a certain extent, prove a disappointment to the majority of readers. The sub-title, *Farewell Letters of Victims of the Guillotine*, suggests a human document of a very rare psychological interest. But the letters occupy one chapter only of the bulky volume, and the rest of it, though packed with minor incidents and researches, falls flat in the reading.

Mr. Alger gives his mass of accumulated facts dryly and without creating any visual impression. Patient as his careful search after documents has been, and interesting as much of the volume is, the book suffers from a want of atmosphere. Painful incidents are read without a sense of painfulness, and events previously regarded as of an indestructible vitality, here pass under a notice never shaken from a tranquil attention. It would seem as if in avoiding all personal and melodramatic treatment, the author had fallen to the other extreme and shorn the subject of every expressive quality. The introduction also of the somewhat characteristically French love affair, though entertaining enough in itself, wears an almost foolish aspect in a volume given up to a subject of such immense and ominous issues, as to render its triviality actually on the verge of the ludicrous by comparison.

The letters, are, however, the central and culminating motive of the volume, and their interest can hardly be over-estimated. Nevertheless, the first feeling as regards them is also one of disappointment. The reader is aware of having expected something more striking, more immediately poignant. The pitableness of any necessity to face a sudden and violent death is obvious, and the last private utterances of those consciously cut short in the full tide of earthly engrossments, present themselves inevitably as breaking out from the very depths of genuine personality. Putting aside, however, the famous correspondence of Madame Roland with Buzot, nothing on the surface of these letters is less patent than the specialising element of temperament. There is a sameness about them, an apparently stereotyped repetition of worthy sentiments, that comes as an actual shock upon first perusal. In almost all of them restraint is equally integral, and gives the impression at last that the writers purposely refrained from any but conventional emotions—resignation, farewells to wives and children, parental counsels and hopes of reunion in the other life. They write as if still conscious of a part to live up to, a becoming appearance to maintain, though the reason of this may have sprung from a very natural uncertainty as to whether their correspondence might not after all fall into other and more dangerous hands than those intended. It must also be remembered that the absorbing prospect of one's own death scene would not tend to engender communicative outpourings. Letter writing, as such, would hardly appeal to a man with the guillotine a few hours distant, let alone that in the face

of it very little would any longer probably appear to him worth the trouble of confiding.

Another surprising element of these letters is the total freedom from any expression of fear. Surely one would suppose there must have been some cowards among them, some young creatures whose blood grew chill with horror? In these notes apparent resignation is almost universal. Their two most prominent characteristics are in fact resignation and a curious complacency as regards their own merits and future welfare. If ever a believer would realise all the meannesses of his life and character it would be, presumably, when expecting shortly to face the exposures of the final Judgment seat. But only one of these letters shows any consciousness of appreciable shortcomings. "Proud of my innocence I die calm," writes one. "I die with the purity of soul of those who die with joy," exclaims another. A third declares, "I die innocent and calumniated, but perfectly resigned to my fate." Now and again a touching thoughtfulness for those surviving is the leading idea of the epistle. And in one or two letters from husbands to their wives we find slight suggestions of personal feeling, though to realise the full value of these it is necessary to bear in mind the comparatively stilted manner habitual at that period. One of the most frank as regards emotion, as well as one of the few in which self-complacency is conspicuously absent, is from Jean Durand, aged 23, to his wife. He begins: "My dearest, do not grieve too much, I assure you that I shall die content. The rigour of men ensures me the mercy of God. It expiates the faults that I have committed, and prevents those which I might have committed. Thou knowest my weakness of character . . ." The whole letter is instinct with a passionate regret, held in leash by a queer belief that had he lived he would certainly have gone too far astray from righteousness ever to get to Heaven at all, while by this untimely cutting-off he gets as compensation the pleasant surety of being re-united with his wife for Eternity.

It is worth noticing that none of the letters show any religious difficulties, and that religion did undeniably help in taking the unbearable quality out of this sudden and brutal departure from life. The tranquillity of the greater number of writers is largely based upon the idea of compensation beyond the grave.

Only one isolated instance of defiance is given, and the pride and passion that quiver through it still stir compassionate sympathy for the indomitable young creature driven to such necessity. It is from the Princess Joseph of Monaco, twenty-five years of age, to the public prosecutor Fouquier. She wrote:—

I inform you, citizen, that I am not pregnant. I wished to tell you so (by word of mouth), but not hoping that you will come I write you word. I did not sully my mouth with this falsehood from fear of death nor to avoid it, but to get a day's grace in order not to have my hair cut off by the executioner. It is the only legacy which I can leave my children, and this at least should be pure.

CHOISEUL STAINVILLE, JOSÈPHE GRIMALDI MONACO,  
a foreign princess dying by the injustice  
of French Judges.

In naturalness of effect the letters suffer unavoidably through translation. To transcribe accurately the emotional utterances of any foreign language and retain the emotion is a difficult undertaking. A footnote or appendix giving one or two of the notes in the original would have been a pleasant addition. It is a matter of regret also that since the letters of Madame Roland are included, the exquisite correspondence of Desmoulins to his wife is not likewise given. Both are of an almost equal interest, while as a masterpiece of tenderness and eloquence Desmoulins stands supreme among the human documents left by the Guillotine victims.



## The Disentangler.

*James VI. and The Gowrie Mystery.* By Andrew Lang.  
(Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE numerous persons who only know of James the Sixth of Scotland that he was the First of England, that Sully called him the wisest fool in Christendom, and that he invented baronets and is thus partly responsible for Jane Austen's *Persuasion*, will perhaps be surprised at the extent of Mr. Lang's acquaintance with his doings. Mr. Lang is aware that on the 5th of August 1600, the same being a Tuesday, the royal anti-tobacconist rose early in Falkland Palace and went out hunting in his second-best socks and a suit of green. He is aware of the names of the hounds and that they yelped; that a certain Dr. Harries who was present had a club foot; he knows where hacks were discarded for hunters, and just where the King was accosted by the young Master of Ruthven, who had trotted over from the town house at Perth of his brother the Earl of Gowrie. For three hundred and two years, generation after generation has not been able to be quite sure what was in the mind of the Master of Ruthven when he accosted the King, and so started the Gowrie affair. A century ago an old Scottish lady remarked: "It is a great comfort to think that, at the Day of Judgment, we shall know the whole truth about the Gowrie Conspiracy at last." (But in using the word conspiracy she surely begged the question.) Mr. Lang, with his characteristic "consummate previousness," has anticipated the Day of Judgment in this detail by (we hope) a considerable period. He has decided and demonstrated, with the aid of hitherto uncited manuscripts in the possession of the Earl of Haddington and the Marquess of Salisbury, and of other uncited manuscripts which anyone may see who calls at the Record Office in Chancery Lane, that black treason was in the mind of the tall and handsome Master of Ruthven, so precocious in crime, when he accosted the King. "The Earl of Gowrie and his brother laid a trap for King James, and fell into the pit which they had digged."

As every Scots schoolboy knows, the Master of Ruthven persuaded the King to journey over to Perth for dinner, where the earl kept His Majesty a long time waiting for a drink and treated His Majesty's retinue with a sad lack of breeding. When the King had eaten he was escorted upstairs to see what he should see, and being duly taken into a gallery chamber was seized upon with a view to seduction and subsequent undue influence. The practice of running away with monarchs was not uncommon in those days. The King, however, not being his grandson Charles, did a rather wise thing. He yelled out of a window marked S on one of Mr. Andrew Lang's impressive plans, and was quickly rescued, the conspirators not having locked enough doors; they paid for that lack of thoroughness with their lives. Now exactly what happened during the moments of the King's peril has been elucidated with praiseworthy acumen and patience by Mr. Lang. The author of *The Disentanglers* (doubtless an autobiography) takes hold of the topography of Gowrie House, with its principal staircase, and its lesser staircase called "the Black Turnpike," its Great Hall, its Dining Room, its Great Gallery, its turret and its garden backing on the River Tay—he takes hold of all this, and of the sworn evidence of a lot of finished liars, and disentangles the tangled skein into a thread of obvious veracity that stretches out in a straight line from end to end of the affair. The principal result of his surprising activity is to free James from the suspicion of having invented a conspiracy and fathered it on the Ruthvens in order murderously to get rid of them. Mr. Lang does not say that James was incapable of such conduct; he merely exonerates him from the charge. On page 148 the disentangler passes from the Gowrie affair proper to an "extraordinary sequel" of it, into which we unfortunately may not follow him.

We confess that the book has left no vivid impression upon us. It is, on the whole, charmingly accomplished. It breathes literariness. But in this connection we regret the recurrence of the word "appear" within three lines on page 6; we regret the banal allusion to a notorious character in modern fiction on page 22; we regret the use of French for English, as *difficile à croire* for "difficult to believe,"—we were willing to assume Mr. Lang's acquaintance with the French tongue; and we deeply regret the excessive and missish use of italics *passim*. Upon the matter of the book we offer no animadversion, but own candidly that Mr. Lang has quite convinced us that he has removed a mystery from history. But candour compels us also to record our poor opinion of the mystery itself. Mr. Lang mentions it in the same breath with the enigmas of Perkin Warbeck, of Richard the Third's character, of the Man in the Iron Mask, and of the innocence or guilt of Mary Stuart. In our view it ranks not with some of these; nor do we think it deserves the epithet "haunting." With his usual skill in self-defence Mr. Lang has anticipated our attitude towards the business in the first lines of his first chapter, and so "disarmed criticism" as usual.

## A Preacher.

*The Life of the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D.* By William Adamson. (Glasgow: Inglis Ker. London: Cassell.)

NOTHING could be conceived in a more sympathetic spirit than Dr. Adamson's book, though, as an old familiar friend, he is, no doubt, in a position to reveal the worst. He is a hero-worshipper, and Dr. Parker is his hero. This provides him with a standard by which things are ranked in importance. To a mere member of the outside public much that is recorded in these pages of Dr. Parker's tours and receptions and presentations seems trivial; but the simple kindness that breathes in the lines disarms criticism. Rather it persuades Gallo into a sympathetic frame, and convinces him that the man's character is an electricity that gives life to the common coil through which it is turned.

It is indeed impossible to read of Dr. Joseph Parker's achievements and not to embrace the conviction that in his own line—as the exponent of a certain biblical theology of human life and ends, as an impassioned vindicator of what to him are divinely revealed testimonies, as a fearless commentator on external affairs as seen in the light of his thus illumined conscience—he is a man touched with genius. First, last, and altogether he is a preacher. He was daubing a wall with (probably hideous) paint, when Joseph Parker determined it that he was a preacher. Since then he has preached to all the world about everything. It is his fad, his hobby (he says so), his life. Read here the history of his Thursday midday services at the City Temple. It is an extraordinary record of the persuasive power of a very convinced and straightforward egoism (the biographer sanctions the word), determined upon a right line of conscience, shedding its light upon the daily path of the common man. He goes into the pulpit from a bath. And mixed thousands listen to a clean man talking clean thoughts about a dirty world. He talks paradox or surprise, but that is because he feels so clean that he may. You will remember the phrase that illumined bills of the evening papers: "God damn the Sultan." But the bold phrase was arrived at by way of climax; and the passage which led up to it is worth quoting, because it shows how little the speaker, as he gradually clambered to it, had expected to find it at the top of the ladder. The Emperor William on some festive occasion about the time of the Armenian troubles had uttered the words "My friend, the Sultan."

I was astonished. I could have sat down in humiliation and terror. The Great Assassin had insulted civilisation, and



outraged every Christian sentiment, and defied concerted Europe. He may have been the Kaiser's friend; he was not yours, he was not mine; he was not God's. Down with such speaking! and let every man's voice be heard in this matter; then the Liberals may come back to power. So long as any man can say "My friend, the Sultan," I wish to have no commerce or friendship with that man. The Sultan drenched the land with blood; cut up men, women, and children; spared none; ripped up the womb; bayoneted the babe; and did all manner of hellish iniquity. He may have been the Kaiser's friend, but in the name of God, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost—speaking of the Sultan not as an individual, not merely as a man, but speaking of him as the Great Assassin—I say, God damn the Sultan!

Everybody was astonished; they all shouted for joy; and the preacher, you may be sure, was the most surprised man in that big place. Take another example—one of a different kind. The preacher—the born preacher, who is preacher first and last—must reflect his own emotions into other souls or he is a mere block, he feels. A few years ago Dr. Parker lost his wife. That is not, you would say, a matter for the preacher to expand himself upon. On the contrary, it is quite a fitting opportunity. Mrs. Parker would seem to have been an exceptional, an admirable, woman; and to have been recognised as such by frequenters of the City Temple. The preacher is bound by his temperament to miss no opportunity of impressing his mind upon others: the more intensely stirred his own, the more importunate the necessity. The sermon is a fine effort of eloquence, but the note of personal originality was struck afterwards in an epilogue. You know so well the attitude to be attempted; what then do you think of this—the parenthesis: "I asked God—though I have not prayed for several days—to send her to be near me . . ."? It is almost too natural to be sincere; yet, remembering the man's life, his "formation" (as the monks say), the rest of him as it is shown before the critical world of his intimates and rivals, one accepts it, with its daring.

### Not for the Stage.

*Two Masques.* By Oswald Crawford. (Chapman and Hall.)

MR. OSWALD CRAWFORD, like many other poets, seems to have the very vaguest idea of what a masque, properly, is. He appears to conceive it as a kind of fanciful drama, in which song, dance, and spectacular illusion are important elements, while a considerable part in the action is taken by fairies, elves, goblins, or other mythological beings. Historically, however, and in the practice of all the greater masque writers, it is something much more limited in scope than this. It is a dramatic elaboration of the more primitive mumming, the incursion at a banquet or other festal occasion of masked strangers into the hall to do honour and bring good-will to the guests. Unlike a regular drama, which is wholly detached from the spectators, it recognises these; addresses them with flattery, invites them to become partners in its dances. Our criticism bears less upon what Mr. Oswald Crawford has produced than upon what he has called it. Viewed as drama, his plays have the fatal defect that they are "not meant for the stage," and belong, therefore, to a hybrid and, to our mind, wholly superfluous form of literature. But they are pleasantly written and reflect a mind which has communed long and sympathetically with the great Elizabethans, and has caught, here and there, a touch of their charm. In "The Princess Lirolar" a fair maiden has been turned by enchantment into a werewolf, visits the Limbo of Lost Souls, and regains her freedom by undergoing the ordeal which she finds there. Here is a specimen of Mr. Crawford's blank verse:—

SANCOLIN: On earth they are allowed to wander forth  
So long as does the Venus Planet cast  
Her mooning light on meadow, wood and stream.  
They are benign to men and will release  
The spell-bound peasant from the clinging charm,  
But when their star sets hither they return  
To make this grim abode less grim and sad.

LIROLAR: Dost thou not speak of those benignant sprites,  
The Fada sisters, who for peasant girls  
Weave fairy love-knots and ring fairy bells,  
Which, heard by maidens in the summer-time,  
Bring quick fulfilment of their loving hopes?

SANCOLIN: 'Tis these same fairies whom I fain would meet  
For even here their presence is benign,  
And when they pass, the air of Hell grows pure,  
The mirk uplifts and flowers and leaves do clothe  
The surface of these rough granitic rocks,  
And these sad wailings in our ears give place  
To the melodious tinkling of their bells.

From "The Changelings" we take a song of Joan Coeur-dilaine, "the maiden huntress," who was spirited away in childhood and turns out to be really the Princess Millicent of Alba.

#### 1.

For me, there is this single care,  
To chase the roebuck, track the hare.  
All among the greenwood lonely  
Where the leaves and ferns grow only;  
Here there doth dwell no thought to weary  
Of Courts, or Cities' commerce dreary.  
Ah! give to me the country wild  
To me who am sweet nature's child!

#### 2.

For me, I love to watch the fawn  
Steal from the upland wood at dawn,  
To course the hart, to call the quail,  
Pleasures are these that never fail.  
With sunburnt maid to ted the hay,  
With swains and maidens pass the day.  
Ah! give to me the country wild  
To me who am sweet nature's child!

These two extracts give a fair notion of Mr. Crawford's poetical quality. His verse is respectable and forms itself upon good models. But it lacks the ultimate magic. The dialogue and narrative parts move stiffly, and the excessive use of long and heavy syllables deprives the lyrics of the airy quality proper to this kind of writing.

### Stolid.

*Diary of a Journey to England in the Years 1761-1762.*  
By Count Frederick Kielmansegg. Translated by  
Countess Kielmansegg. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

COUNT FREDERICK KIELMANSEGG was a diarist with a conscience; having determined to go to England for the Coronation of George III. and his Queen, he set off, accompanied by a brother, with the utmost earnestness, and with equal earnestness made notes of all that he saw and of a good deal that he heard. Young, well-connected, tireless, he saw much of Society both in London and the country, and set down his impressions for the benefit of his German family and friends. And these impressions have interest, though rather by reason of their industry than their vitality. In fact, the author's manner is rather depressing; it is stolid, uninspired, pedestrian. He has few opinions, no imagination, and not even an enlivening touch of satire. You understand him to be an amiable gentleman with a fancy for society, dancing, and statistics.

Of the coronation ceremony the Count has little to tell; he was impressed by the crowds (it took him half an hour to get from Pall Mall to Charing Cross), he was impressed by the Abbey, but above all was he delighted with the procession of peers and peeresses. But his decorous disapproval of crushes caused him to leave the Abbey before the ceremony ended, and for the same reason he left

Westminster Hall (under the protection of a musketeer) before the King reached it. There is always this lack of enthusiasm about the Count; he dines and sups with distinguished people—one day with Lord Howe, the next with my Lady Yarmouth; he sees Oxford and Cambridge and a score of great houses, from the royal palaces to Northumberland House and Audley End, but he seldom expresses any genuine pleasure. He finds King's College, Cambridge, "large and handsome," and Jesus "in good taste"; at Oxford, University is "nothing very remarkable," Corpus "handsome," and so on. Perhaps the enormous amount of sight-seeing crowded into a short visit accounts for our diarist's apparent dulness. He never rests save when some indisposition keeps him indoors, and he has no objection to see a hanging at Tyburn. He visits the theatres continually, but is hardly, one gathers, a good judge of the drama: indeed, his taste is all in the direction of scenic effect, though he says of Garrick that he is the only actor "who can delineate every character with equal skill, from the philosopher down to the fool, from the king to the peasant, and who appears to put on a different face in each character." Of "King Lear," which he saw at Drury Lane, the Count writes:—

This play is very much in the style of the old English plays in fashion when the author wrote it, in which most of the characters go mad, or get blind, or die; but as English taste has changed latterly, many alterations have been made in this tragedy; amongst others the omission of the court jester, who in the original brings his tomfooleries in everywhere, even in the most tragic scenes.

One of the most interesting passages of the Diary deals with the declaration of war against Spain in January, 1762. The Count was a witness of the proclamation made before St. James's Palace. "The Queen," he says, "*en négligé*, leaned on the window-sill, which greatly increased the cheers of the people." That is an authentic touch of history which has more value than twenty pages of the author's laborious compilations of facts. But the Count has no eye for human material; he hardly ever links a name with its owner's personality, nor is he much alive to the signs of the times.

Yet, as we have indicated, the book has a certain value, and our thanks are due to the memory of its amiable author. We see him, on the last page of the volume, with his wife and nine children all in a row before him. These silhouettes have a charm and quaint distinction which we miss in the Diary; they leave with us a pleasant impression of Count Frederick Kielmansegge, Hanoverian Landdrost of the Duchy of Lauenburg.

### Quiet and Quaint.

*Suffolk in the XVIIth Century: The Breviary of Suffolk.*  
By Robert Reyce. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

ON February 9, 1618, a small Suffolk gentleman, named Robert Reyce, finished his "breviary," or brief account, of Suffolk, and dedicated it to his "much honoured and respected good friend," Sir Robert Crane. He was born at Preston, near Lavenham, and was buried there in 1638. "What," he asks, "is more commendable (in my weak judgment) than curiously to search outt the best ornaments of his native soile? Yea, what can bee more pleasing to the judicious understandinge than plainly to see before him the lively usage of elder times?" The faint light of Nature and of a modest education could not have been better employed. When the breviary was written, it was an indifferent poor book; Sir Robert was not to "lend, give, or any wayes alienate" it, though he might "leave and bequeath it to his posterity"; and of course it did not graduate into print. Reyce was painstaking, and knew that infinitives must not be split, and his book had mellowed by its rest in the British Museum. Lord Francis Hervey had therefore a sufficient excuse for printing it,

but not, we think, for allowing his own name to appear alone upon the cover. He has notes which elucidate, correct, and amplify old Reyce's manuscript. Some of his historical notes are trifling, and it was perhaps unnecessary to quote just the words from *Abbo Floriacensis* which appear in Camden's *Britannia*; but he has done an editor's work with discretion, and on the whole with restraint.

Reyce begins with a series of brief notes on the climate and topography of the county, and proceeds to the inanimate "commodities," the timber and stone and vegetation, and so to "those creatures which live by breathing," from which he omits "all sorts of venomous worms" and "beasts here bred serving for venery as Badgers, Otters and Foxes," for he was no sportsman and no great naturalist. The greater part of the book deals with the people of Suffolk, and especially the old houses, the clergy and the religious foundations. A map, even if it were no better than Camden's, would have made this part more easily intelligible. A series of maps would have made the book something of a monument. He praises the soil, the horses, the cattle, and the crops, whilst deploring, even at that date, the destruction of timber and wild birds, and the inferior architecture which was fashionable. Now and then his enthusiasm seems about to reveal the true inwardness of the county and the man at the same time. By his own confession he might have made a twin volume to Parkinson, but he thus refuses to break away from the convention of his day—

If I should speake of the infinite change of delightfull flowers, which by the skill of the curious gardiner are in every place growing, or of the supernumerary variety of most wholesome and sweet smelling herbes, which the wild fields and pleasant gardens most plentifully affords to the curious searching herbalist, or if I should touch butt one part of the endless choice of the well pleasing and inticing fruits which our orchards do bring forth, the least of these would require an ample treatise of itself . . .

But this unseasonable restraint was luckily not in force when he wrote down the long lists of family names with their devices. The curious may there find pleasant pastures among the Fastolfes and the Bardolfes, and those gallant names, Jerningham and Mouchensey, that remind us of the salad days of "The Merry Devil of Edmonton." The whole book, in fact, is as quiet and quaint as Preston Church, and has the vast advantage of being nearly small enough for the pocket. The hatchments hang under the roof; the epitaphs spell themselves in the amber light; the yew tree hums outside; and the hob-nails of the sexton ring on the pavement. So it is here. The dull seventeenth century antiquary is a sweet and comfortable ghost to-day, and his book deserves a place among our warming pans, our brown jugs, and our cavalier clay pipes.

### Other New Books.

*The Art of Winnifred Matthews.* An Essay by Edward Garnett. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

It appears to us that in his appreciation of a life suddenly cut short, and an accomplishment at its best hardly mature, Mr. Garnett goes too far. It is so easy to generalise, to promulgate, to assert: so difficult to prove. And Mr. Garnett does not hesitate to impute to the work of Winnifred Matthews "that instinctive creative originality which we call genius." We respect Mr. Garnett's enthusiasm, we respect his entirely honest desire to convince us that Winnifred Matthews' art was great. But when he writes thus we hesitate: "It was hers to show us that if art passes common humanity by, so much the worse for our art. She died, and that gray tide of



human life still seeks for its chosen interpreters. But her vision and its secret she has taken with her." To write so is to invite hesitation, and in the eight pictures reproduced (which we must presume to have been carefully selected) of Winnifred Matthews' work, we see nothing to justify Mr. Garnett's exuberant praise. Cleverness there is, an eye for character, a groping tenderness, but no more. Of the drawing called "Arry and 'Arriet" Mr. Garnett says that it "is indeed an astonishing instance of the artist's minute observation of life." We confess that it does not strike us in that light: the two principal figures are really frank caricature, and that without much subtlety: the kind of caricature, in short, which we should expect from a clever girl of twenty. We are sorry that we cannot endorse Mr. Garnett's enthusiastic admiration; but, frankly, we cannot.

*Down the Orinoco in a Canoe.* By S. Pérez Triana. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS book, as Mr. Cunningham Graham tells us in his preface, is by the son of a South American ex-President, who, by reason of the "usual biennial revolution," found it wise to leave his enemies in possession. The seaports being watched, he determined to reach the Atlantic by way of the Orinoco; hence this book. In its way it is a good book; its chief interest, perhaps, arising from the fact that the writer's mind is essentially modern. He is a kind of philosopher in a canoe, and now and then touches airily upon the classics between a chance dinner and the hunting of a tiger. "We wandered," he says, "with the definite aim of reaching the Atlantic Ocean. Beyond that we did not venture to probe too deeply the mysterious and wonderful manifestations of Nature, but took them as they appeared to our limited means of vision and understanding, and sought nothing beyond." That is definite, but not wholly satisfying; indeed, it is the true spirit of adventure which we find wanting in the book. We feel that it was a voyage of necessity concerning which the author thought well to write a picturesque narrative. It flows on pleasantly enough, but leaves no marked impression on the mind. We remember vividly only the portrait of an Indian who declined to sell two days' liberty for what to his mind represented considerable wealth.

*This is My Birthday.* Compiled by Anita Bartle, with an Introduction by Israel Zangwill. (Grant Richards.)

ONE would have supposed that the making of birthday books had come to an end, at least so far as any possible originality of treatment is concerned. Readers of the *Daily Chronicle* will imagine how Miss Bartle, who in its columns has now for more than a year been presenting the most felicitous birthday compliments to worthies of all time, has applied her principle in this pretty volume. Mr. Zangwill's preface is written in a gay mood. Here is one of his jokes; "Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* must henceforth give way to Bartle's *Unfamiliar Quotations*." Birthday books, we are told, are now being utilised to record the names of visitors to country houses. This volume with its blank page facing every set of apposite quotations should be in demand for that purpose. The idea of a birthday book on these lines was original, and it has been carried out cleverly and thoroughly. The following extract from Hannah More, for Mr. F. Anstey's birthday, was excellently found: "I think Mr. Anstey a real genius in the way of wit and humour; but he appears to be of a shy and silent cast, and to prefer quiet to talking parties."

*Royalty in All Ages.* By T. F. Thielton-Dyer. (Nimmo.)

MR. THIELTON-DYER has set himself, with a devotion worthy of the cause, to catalogue the amusements, eccentricities, accomplishments, superstitions and frolics of the Kings

and Queens of Europe. His volume also contains etched portraits of four English sovereigns and two kings of France. You may read here of queens who would not wash and of kings who wore petticoats, of many of either sex who drank more than was good for them, and of others who lacked patience to play a losing game. Many kings, it will astonish few people to learn, have kept mistresses; others have loved the chase. The royal idea of a joke has not as a rule lagged more than half a century behind that of the Commons. But if you read him aright, Mr. Thielton-Dyer will show you "how vastly superior the latter-day sovereigns have been when compared with those of earlier times, many of whose extraordinary freaks and vagaries as much degraded the throne as the refined and cultivated tastes of her late Majesty Queen Victoria elevated and beautified it." An artless transcript from notes vigilantly made during a course of wide superficial study.

*The Holy Land.* Painted by John Fulleylove, R.I. Described by John Kelman, M.A. (A. and C. Black. 20s.)

NEARLY a hundred water-colour pictures, exhibited in London last spring, are reproduced in this handsome volume. In character they remind one of the work of the late M. Tissot, but they are informed by another spirit. They are the work of a hand inspired by nothing more sacred than the love of beauty and light. The common objects of the wayside awake it: the drapery of the women; the violet shadows of camels on the sand under a sky of yellow, green, and blue; the waving fronds of palm-trees towards the unbending mosque of Tiberias, where it watches over the sterile deep of the Lake of Galilee. A large proportion of the illustrations show historical monuments and scenery—Siloam from a point within the Temple area, Jacob's Well at Shechem, a portion of the Citadel of Jerusalem, and the Fields of Ruth and Boaz near Bethlehem; also scenes for ever associated with the life and Passion of Jesus are here. They might be read as a parable, if one were fancifully inclined, these presentations of the stage from which the actors have been swept. As to Mr. Kelman's book, it is not a letter-press in the sense of the illustrated papers; it has not been written up to the pictures. It is an independent work in three parts; of which the first is geographical, the second historical, and the third is entitled "The Spirit of Syria." He has attempted, with a good measure of success, to convey impressions of the spirit of place that is deeper and more complex there than elsewhere under the sun.

*John Mackenzie—South African Missionary and Statesman.* By W. D. Mackenzie. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

THIS biography is written by a son. But the biographer has contrived a very clear story of a strong worker; of a man who went out as a young untried missionary to South Africa, and died there—a missionary. Probably, if John Mackenzie had kept to his missionary work, he would have made more loyal friends and fewer powerful enemies. But he didn't. He essayed the statesman, in a country which can dispose of political reputations as easily as military. And after a brief, desperately brief and scarcely remarkable deputy commissionership, with its promised emoluments of £1,000 a year and expenses, John Mackenzie was glad, almost at a moment's notice, to accept again a post and an advance of money from his old friends the London Missionary Society. But in the struggle between the mission work and his political ambition he comes in contact with all the powers of the Colony and the Colonial Office itself. He writes at good length to each and all who could even remotely help his ends and "save" Bechuanaland from the Boers or Cape Colony. He wrote to *The Times*, for the *Contemporary Review*, for



the leading provincial organs; he lectured, he corresponded, he re-visited again and again the old country, and only to die—a missionary.

Yet this man prayed that he might "get more brass in his face"; but what chance could a missionary even with "brass in his face" have against a Rhodes. And to be fair and just: in a new country, undeveloped, its resources practically unknown, where the rifle must change hands daily with the pick of the railway navvy, is it the Empire Maker or the missionary who is wanted and must win! The missionary has always his triumphs in the love of the people; he is the confidential adviser of the native chiefs, he is the trustee for the living, the executor for the dead, he may be the bank, the post office, the doctor, the peace maker, in turn or all at once; but the London Missionary Society drew the line at politics, and wisely.

And so he died . . . a missionary; not on the spot where he gave his life's work, but in a remote, and perhaps his friends thought, an obscure station.

Cricket as a British institution is beginning to assert itself in large volumes. Mr. W. T. Ford's *History of the Cambridge University Cricket Club* (Blackwood) contains over 500 pages, and it has some (though not so many as we could have wished) interesting illustrations. Mr. Ford has done his work with discretion and enormous industry. The "C.U.C.C. has," he says, "but few records of itself, two score-books, one minute-book, and several volumes of accounts." External sources and *Bell's Life* had therefore largely to be relied on. The record dates from 1820 to 1901.

That taste in household decoration continues to improve is evidenced by Mr. H. T. Jennings's *Our Homes, and How to Beautify Them* (Harrison). The volume contains some sound advice and some quite desirable furnishing schemes, but the tendency is to over-elaboration. We can conceive that an enthusiastic and incautious amateur decorator might, by the aid of this book, produce a suburban nightmare. On the other hand, and with discretion on the part of the furnisher, Mr. Jennings is a reasonably safe guide.

From Mr. George Allen we receive the second volume of the *Living Rulers of Mankind*. The letterpress is simple and sufficiently informing, and the illustrations in the main are quite admirable and effective. The subjects range from Abdul Hamid II. to President Roosevelt.

NEW EDITIONS: A new and complete edition of Dr. Doyle's *The Great Boer War* (Smith, Elder) brings this admirable work to a close. "In this final edition," he writes, "the early text has been carefully revised and all fresh available knowledge has been added within the limits of a single volume narrative." Dr. Doyle is heartily to be congratulated on this end to his devoted and unselfish labours.—Mr. Seeböhm Rowntree's *Poverty: A Study of Town Life* (Macmillan), is now in its fourth edition. The statistical and economic value of Mr. Rowntree's work has been justly recognised. It is an earnest and perfectly sincere effort to arrive at sound conclusions from carefully collected and collated facts.—Messrs. Methuen have issued, in three well-printed octavo volumes, Carlyle's *French Revolution*. The Editor is Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher, who says in his preface: "Every time I look at it I see opportunities for more notes which perhaps should have been added, for more discussions of doubtful points and characters, and I also constantly perceive that I am one of those persons who are constitutionally incapable of spelling the same word in the same way twice running." At the end of his introduction Mr. Fletcher writes: "One takes leave of the book then with a certain amount of relief: with a feeling that while no such swift and deep, if occasionally erring, insight into the motives and hearts of men has been possessed by any historian since the death of Tacitus, yet that few writers have more grave responsibility

on their shoulders for the doctrines they have preached and the forces which they have held up for admiration." That is a wise and balanced utterance.—Messrs. Dent have issued translations, in two handy volumes, of Daudet's *Tartarin of Tarascon* and *Tartarin on the Alps*. The original illustrations are reproduced, not very satisfactorily, in the text.

## Fiction.

*The White Wolf, and other Fireside Tales.* By "Q." (Methuen. 6s.)

THERE are only one or two stories in this volume which approach Mr. Quiller-Couch's best in the way of the *conte*, yet there is not one which has not a definite idea, a definite point of view, and a definite and unmistakable distinction. The author has the true stuff of story-telling in him; he may falter here and there, but he is never weak; sometimes we feel that his grip of his subject is not quite firm, but his art triumphs; occasionally we think him writing below his level, but some flash of humour or of insight makes us read on contentedly. The true fact is, perhaps, that Mr. Quiller-Couch is very much of a poet; so was Stevenson, so is Mr. Meredith. To say that his strength is wholly poetical would be absurd, as absurd as in the other instances which we have named; but the poetical quality, the poetical outlook, tell even in the most realistic romance; it tells, too, on every page in the balance, precision and effectiveness of the author's prose.

Of the stories in the volume we like best "The Capture of the Burgomeister van der Werf," "King o' Prussia," "Parson Jack's Fortune," "Two Boys," and "The Senior Fellow." These sufficiently illustrate Mr. Quiller-Couch's wide range. The first two are full of humour and adventure, the other three are really varied studies in temperament. "Parson Jack's Fortune" might easily have been ruined by false sentiment, but in spite of a touch of conventionality in the plot the sketch is thoroughly sound. We believe in the reclaimed drunkard who realises after many years his passion for his crumbling church, nor do we feel a touch of incongruity when he works as a common labourer on the building beneath whose roof he had once ministered to a forgiving parish. "Two Boys" is a mere sketch, but the episodes are wonderfully well observed, and "The Senior Fellow" goes to the root of a type a good deal commoner in life than most people suppose. *The White Wolf* is a collection of stories which no lover of true and delicate work can afford to leave unread.

*Donovan Pasha.* By Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann. 6s.)

A SLIGHTING reference in "a foreword" to "photographic accuracy" explains the presence of a superior twopenny colouring in this ingenious and enjoyable volume. Sir Gilbert Parker exploits, like many another, the Englishman in authority abroad. In these tales of an Egypt ravenous for backsheesh, flowering with euphemism, groaning with conscription and fuddled with sloth, Donovan Pasha, a young man, girlish enough to pass as a gházeeveh, but able to do "six men's work at least," is a figure inevitably and persistently heroic and on the top. Just as one does not doubt that Sherlock Holmes will seize all the clues which his author has provided for that purpose, so one calmly awaits, whenever Donovan or his less astute friends are in difficulties, the punctual cleverness which exercises itself while our young gentleman is puffing at a cigarette, or perchance "eating sweetmeats like a girl." Donovan is the confidential secretary of the Khedive, and his courage is equal to yielding his body as a pavement for the Sheikh of the Dôshah in order to sustain

a part. He it is who inspires Ismail to send Gordon to Khartoum, whatever the historic muse dare say to the contrary.

Sir Gilbert Parker is a born story-teller, and he is always readable, except in the tedious romance of an anti-slavery agitator who fell after much argument into the arms of an ex-employer of slave-labour. We do not think, however, that this book stands for Egypt—even an Egypt viewed unphotographically—in the sense that Mr. A. J. Dawson's *African Nights' Entertainment* stands for Morocco. The difference is a penalty paid by the hero in Sir Gilbert's title for too much success.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

#### THE DEEPS OF DELIVERANCE.

By F. VAN EEDEN.

A translation from the Dutch. With a former book called *Johannes Viator*, Dr. Van Eeden, we are told in a preface, took the reading world of Holland "by storm." The present volume is very much a problem novel. Hedwig, the heroine, is "a little hedonist, always bent on discovering the secret of that rarer happiness which can be examined without disappearing." The story is described as a study of the inner life, a tragedy of temperament and circumstance. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

#### THE CONQUEST OF ROME.

By MATILDE SERAO.

A new translation. Matilde Serao, we said, apropos of the *Land of Cockayne*, has the direct, impersonal manner that belongs to the efficient. "Ah, the long dream. . . . He moves to the window of the coach and sees Rome, black, towering, stupendous, on the seven hills flooded with light. And he draws back, and falls upon the seat as one dead, for in very truth Rome has conquered him." That is the end. (Heinemann. 6s.)

#### DONNA DIANA.

By RICHARD BAGOT.

Again Mr. Bagot introduces us to cardinals, monsignors, priests, gentlemen of means, and ladies of position. They intrigue, make love, and interest themselves in burning questions. The scene of the story is laid in Rome. This book, we are informed, represents the author's latest and most matured work. (Allen. 6s.)

#### UNOFFICIAL.

By MRS. WALTER FORBES.

A brightly written story of modern life, with a prologue describing the death of a nameless Frenchman, and enlisting our sympathies for his daughter. The story opens in Dereham House, the residence of a Duke. He, the Duchess, and other well-born people make up the characters of the story, which is vitally concerned with the orphan of the Prologue. (Constable. 6s.)

#### THOMPSON'S PROGRESS.

By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

Captain Kettle's creator here shows a different side of his invention. He describes in detail how an energetic Yorkshire business man became a millionaire by the exercise of qualities rather American than English. The Thompson of the title is not only a keen man of business: he is the best poacher in Yorkshire. The book has humour. It also shows that the author knows all about poaching. (Richards. 6s.)

#### DREWITT'S DREAM.

By W. L. ALDEN.

Opens in the midst of the Greco-Turkish war. In the bustle of battle Drewitt rescues a lady, and falls in love with her on sight. "He had seen many young and beautiful women, but this one stood apart from all others." Travel and adventures follow, with specimens of Mr. Alden's humour. (Chatto. 6s.)

#### THE SENTIMENTAL WARRIOR.

By EDGAR JEPSON.

We acknowledged a new novel by Mr. Jepson last week. Here is another confronting us. It is all about Julian. He begins as rather a horrid little boy: the end of the book finds him with the inevitable young woman in his arms. "She sobbed for a while, and he soothed her with a thousand kisses." Julian's career is mainly a social progress and affords glimpses of widely different phases of modern life in London. The characters range from a van driver to an earl. (Richards. 6s.)

#### THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR.

By C. N. AND H. M. WILLIAMSON.

A motor novel: in other words a romance of automobilism and travel, containing descriptions of France and Italy, where the adventures of the hero and heroine—a young Englishman and an American girl—take place. Mr. Williamson, we are informed, is an expert automobilist who has driven his car across the Continent. The Hon. John Winston, the hero of the book, is the heroine's *chauffeur*. From this incident spring complications. (Methuen. 6s.)

#### A WHALEMAN'S WIFE.

By F. T. BULLEN.

Mainly a story of the sea with a strong undertow of piety. One chapter begins: "Many and terrible are the temptations which await the striving Christian, whatever his or her spiritual age may be." Mr. Bullen also gives us some episodes of farm life in Vermont, U.S.A., with dialect. The book is dedicated to President Roosevelt, "a small token of the author's esteem for a strong Christian." Pictures of angry whales accompany the narrative. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

#### THE CAPTAIN OF HIS SOUL.

By HENRY GILBERT.

The author of *Hearts in Revolt* is serious minded. Problems lurk in the pages of his new novel, which is the story of a boy who determines to be a writer. He arrives, and unprofitable but critical applause follows him. "But he believes he has found that literature is not the only success he can have in life: it can never hope, it seems to him, to be anything but a weak simulation of the facts and truths of existence." (Allen. 6s.)

#### THE MANOR FARM.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

A story of country life by the author of *Pastorals of Dorset*. Giles, Farmer Joe, Cousin John Domeny, Cousin Harriet are some of the characters. This pleasant ambling story contains much rustic dialogue. A picture of the Manor Farm forms the frontispiece. (Longmans. 6s.)

#### A WOMAN AND A CREED.

By H. G. SARGENT.

"I, Count Derich de la Baye, tell this story, being a stranger in England for conscience' sake. Yet, God having enabled me to keep my word, and having all I love best in the world with me here, I can now tell with a light heart of how, down by the shallow shores and waterways of the Netherlands, I fought the devil and his works, first for the sake of a man, and lastly for a woman's love." (Blackwood. 6s.)

#### WINIFRED AND THE STOCKBROKER.

By CHARLES EDDY.

A stockbroking novel. It deals with the career of three young men on the Stock Exchange and their devotion to the daughter of the head of their firm. (Arnold. 3s. 6d.)

We have also received: *The Ghost's Revenge*, stories of modern Paris, by R. H. Sherard (Digby Long); *The Heart of Youth*, by M. E. Winchester (Digby Long); *Set to Partners*, by Gertrude Warden (Digby Long); *The Misdemeanours of Nancy*, by Eleanor Hoyt (Richards); *Aspiration*, by Constance West (Richards); *A Daughter of the Sea*, by Amy Le Feuvre (Hodder and Stoughton); *The Romance of Gilbert Holmes*, by M. M. Kirkman (Simpkin Marshall).



## THE ACADEMY.

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## The Dweller in the Grey.

ONCE upon a time an English Government imposed a window tax on Scotland; and, because they are a thrifty folk with a constitutional objection to paying more money than they must, the Scots began, after the imposition of this tax, to board up as many of their windows as they could spare. It is such a blind window that suggested the subject of one of Mrs. Oliphant's four *Stories of the Seen and Unseen* lately republished in volume form from *Blackwood's Magazine*. You could just see this window (or was it a mere painted pattern on the wall of the library across the street?) from Aunt Mary's drawing-room; and the old ladies who came to see Aunt Mary crowded round the girl who sat apart in the window-recess, and peered at it. Some spake of it in this manner and others in that. But the girl, gazing idly at it day after day, saw plainly that it was a window indeed. Not only could she see that it was a window, but she could see a faint greyness as of space behind it—a space that went back into gloom. Then she made out (as she looked again earnestly day after day) a large dark shadow coming out into the grey; and looking more intently she was persuaded that it was a piece of furniture—a writing table or a bookcase. It was a writing desk, she saw later on—a large old-fashioned one; and she knew by the shape that it had a great many pigeon-holes and little drawers in the back, and a large table for writing. Days passed. The greyness contained more things. There were white glimmering things that might be papers on the table, and on the floor a pile of books. One evening there was a flicker of movement, life. At last she saw *him*; saw his outline against the dim gilding of the frame of the large picture hung on the further wall. It became to her all a vital romance. We need not pursue it in detail. Mrs. Oliphant makes a mere fairy tale of it, with a screed of century-old love-making, an hereditary curse of second sight. To our mind she would have done better to leave it at the point at which a loafing lad chucks a stone that strikes the middle pane with a dull little thud and flops back into the roadway. It would have left us with a moving conviction of a temperament and (those of us who care for such things) a parable.

Because at the same hour was put into our hands the first number of the *Hibbert Journal*. This well-designed and wide-reaching "Quarterly Review of Religion, Theology and Philosophy" (Williams and Norgate) is of opinion that "truth is to be found in the totality of conclusions to which all lines have led, and are still leading, the instructed Reason of man." In other words, its columns are open to conjecture, expressed in sufficiently rational and readable form, as to the great question of what goes on behind the blank window-frame. It is that window that, since mankind became capable of inquiry, since, that is to say, it emerged from the stage of the anthropoidal ape, has agitated its mind. The creature found itself in the midst of the forces, some beneficent, most of them hostile, all

alike unknown. The powers that moved the universe of which he was so small, but to himself so important, a part he must by every means within his narrow compass struggle to find out. The favourable he must encourage and stir up to more vigorous action; the evil he must thwart or propitiate. At one time he trusted more in the power of the good to protect; at another, with show of no less reason, he offered his prayers and sacrifices to the malevolent. Right and left, east and west, guesses grew together into theories, theories into faith; faiths prescribed lines of conduct which more or less, as they were more or less in accord with the weakness of present inclination, were actualised in practice. Then up loafed the casual lad and with a pebble of reason, of malice, of personal ambition, of physical discovery, of divine or of diabolic inspiration, proved opaque the panes through which at last had begun to show so definite a picture. And man must start afresh upon his course towards "that totality of conclusion to which all lines have led, and are still leading, the instructed Reason of man."

It may be well at this point to interject an assurance of serious regard for those who claim for their convictions the sanction of what to the unregenerate is an unknown faculty. We do not forget that Newman has asserted for that moral certitude called by theologians "divine faith" that in intensity it surpasses that physical certitude which in the natural order is the most cogent. Pass, therefore, divine faith. In the natural order it is ranked with wilful blindness. To the editors of the *Hibbert Journal* it is the soul of what they itally class together as "dead forms of thought." Let us proceed to examine the living thought that finds its expression there.

As represented in these pages, living thought is partly engaged in throwing stones to show that the window is a mere surface outline upon a solid wall, partly in trimming and compromising as to the shapes that more or less generally, more or less concretely and definitely have been discerned in the grey beyond. The catastrophe at Martinique affords a text upon which three diverse thinkers expatiate. "Catastrophes and the Moral Order" is the heading under which they write. They all alike show themselves aware both that the particular catastrophe from which they start is no case apart in the history of the world, and even that the mere circumstances of swiftness and grand scale do not eventually distinguish this thing from the multitude of hostile manifestations which, to vindicate the benevolence and power of the Dweller in the Grey, must be explained. Thus one apologist, Dr. Horton:—

Pain and catastrophe are not, in a world like this, to be avoided. But they are susceptible of immediate transformation by the spirit, the sovereign and controlling spirit, of the sufferer. He has but to take them heroically, to embrace them for a worthy object, to assimilate himself, in the bearing of them, with the ultimate will which initiates and controls the travail of the universe, and he makes of loss a glorious gain; of suffering, joy; of death, eternal life.

You search Dr. Howison for what he has to say to that. Dr. Howison, writing independently, answers:—

It is difficult to see how the evil in Nature, at least when it ends in human agony and despair, can be even coexistent with a God who has a controlling relation to the course of the world; difficult, I say, but not beforehand impossible; it is a fair problem, though indeed an obscure one. But for a God, the perfection of all justice and love, literally to produce even the *system* of Nature (not to speak of the revolting view, of late become the leading fashion, that He produces all its *details*, by immediate immanent causation), when death and destruction amid agonies of mind as well as of body are surely involved in it for numberless beings of the highest susceptibility to suffering,—literally to produce it, and to maintain it inexorably—appears from beforehand incredible.

Thus he sets aside as a mere begging of the question all the cheerful chirping to the tune "all's well that ends



well," and columnising references to chastening love. Finally, we have the Rev. R. A. Armstrong, who seems in his defence of a moral deity to step outside the lines editorially laid down. For, having urged in his capacity of *advocatus Dei* such considerations as that probably the victims suffered no more than in dying most people suffer, and that anyway we must all die at some time, he falls back on the spiritual experience of the individual man:—

The main trust of Theism must for ever be in the spiritual experience of the individual man. If he know naught by the witness of the Spirit, no cunning of argument will convince him that He who grasps the lightnings and smites by the driving storm is a God of Love whose rule is along the lines of an eternal Moral Order. If the witness of the Spirit be with him, if he has known God working in him in his sorrow, in his temptation, in his remorse, in the blessed experience of reconciliation, the fires of all the volcanoes will not burn nor the waters of all the floods avail to quench his faith.

The rest is rhetoric.

In Mrs. Oliphant's story there arrives a point at which the inmate of the room actually raises the sash and looks with a look of recognition out upon the devout dreamer. Did then God reveal himself as man? Did the Word—"which was God through whom all things were made"—become man? In "The Basis of Christian Doctrine" Prof. Gardner has his say. To him all that we can discover in the brightest light of rational criticism is not what happened, but what was believed to have happened:—

That Jesus Christ died on the cross may fairly be considered, in spite of difficulties raised by a few objectors, as a definite fact of history. This fact may serve as an attachment to which doctrine may cling; but in itself it involves no doctrine. "Crucified under Pontius Pilate:" to this Tacitus would subscribe as readily as St. Paul. But the fact only becomes related to doctrine when we add to it what is not mere fact of history: "Crucified for us under Pontius Pilate." There indeed we have doctrine; and the doctrine conveyed in the words "for us" is not merely detachable from the fact, but it has been so detached by thousands of Christians who have based it rather on spiritual experience than on historic evidence of the nature of which they have been ignorant.

Thus the study of doctrine and the belief in doctrine are distinct with such a difference as distinguishes science from art. It is enough that the girl did see.

We pass to Prof. Royce on "The Concept of the Infinite." It is based on Dedekind's Essay on Number, and Cantor's theory of the relaxations of infinite assemblages of objects; and whether one should regard its context as a valuable attempt to arrive at a further intelligence of the figure within, or an elaborate play upon words, we are by no means determined. At any rate it is a piece of elegant gymnastic. The concept of the infinite that most minds hold is a pure negation. It is claimed for the "new infinite" that it is susceptible of a positive definition—or, at least, of a positive description. Premising the two conceptions of equality and the relation of whole and part, Dedekind proceeds to his definition of an infinite collection: "A collection is infinite if it can be put in one to one correspondence, or can thus be found equal to, one of its own parts." With this is combined a further notion (we despair of conveying even a faint impression) of Self-Representation. When you have grasped and combined these two ideas you will have won to a new light upon the possible relations of equality between yourself in a perfected state and the Dweller in the Grey, and upon His nature and attributes.

It is excellent juggling, but juggling is quick to pall. What remains? This: that the girl at the window did see, and sees. Her spirituality, her mystical intuition, call it what you will, are her own. Metaphysical scholarship can never overhear the secrets of her pure soul, or spoil them. Happily for the happiness of the world the majority will always see something behind the greyness. Metaphysicians define and refine: they believe.

## Some Fallacies about the Short Story.

### II.

Most people are familiar with the story of *The Necklace*. Madame Loisel is the wife of a poor clerk; she borrows a diamond necklace from her rich friend, Madame Forestier, in order to adorn her beauty at a ball. On the way home from the ball the necklace is lost, and it is never found. The Loisels beg and borrow thirty-six thousand francs to replace the necklace by another exactly like it, and they say nothing to Madame Forestier of their calamity. For ten years the Loisels endure a life of the narrowest penury, and at length the thirty-six thousand francs are repaid. Then Madame Loisel, now a poor creature worn out by work, meets the still attractive Madame Forestier, and tells her about the loss, and the substitution, which Madame Forestier had never discovered. Madame Forestier informs her that the original necklace was paste and scarcely worth five hundred francs.

Such is the tale, a tale which more than anything else of his has contributed to de Maupassant's fame in England. It certainly contains admirable passages. The description of Madame Loisel's yearning for romance, pleasure, adoration, is masterly; and the ecstasy of the night of the ball, and the long torture of ten years of parsimony, and the condition of Madame Loisel at the end of those ten years, are done with equal emotional power. But one may assert with the utmost certainty that it is not the rare and subtle art of these passages which has ensured the fame, or rather the notoriety, of the story. It is the tremendous shock administered to the reader's nerves by Madame Forestier's announcement that the necklace was paste, and that therefore the appalling martyrdom of the Loisels was unnecessary from the beginning. With a facile and somewhat despicable cleverness, de Maupassant withholds this shock till the very last lines of the story. I know nothing comparable with it except the end of Balzac's *L'Interdiction*, which is equally staggering, but vastly more defensible. Balzac never stooped to hide from the reader, for the sake of a theatrical effect, facts which were within the knowledge of his characters.

An examination of *The Necklace* will disclose weakness at almost every point where the plot moves; it is excellent only when the plot stands still. When Madame Loisel borrows the necklace the reader is distinctly told that it is a diamond necklace; he is misled with deliberation. The manner in which the necklace disappears is rendered neither probable nor clear. In keeping its disappearance a secret from Madame Forestier, the Loisels acted, not as people act in real life, but as puppets act on the stage—for a particular purpose of the author's. In the earlier part of the tale M. Loisel behaves as a man with some sense and some imagination, and such a man would certainly have told Madame Forestier at once. But if he had told Madame Forestier at once there would have been no story. Further, that the Loisels should be able with any certainty to choose a necklace exactly to match a necklace of which they had only had possession for a day or two is very improbable; it is even more improbable that M. Loisel should have raised the money to pay for it in so short a time. And it is quite inconceivable that Madame Forestier did not open the case when Madame Loisel returned it to her, and that during ten years she never found out that Madame Loisel had not brought back the identical trinket which she had taken away. Thus, again and again, probability and truth are sacrificed to the artificial necessity of a climax. And the final defect is that the tale cannot end where de Maupassant, gleeful in the administration of his smashing blow between the reader's eyes, has thoughtlessly stopped it. The first and

fundamental business of the literary creative artist is to raise a question, and, having raised it, to settle it. This question of the necklace is not settled. Madame Forestier had received jewels worth thirty-six thousand francs from the Loisels in place of jewels worth five hundred francs. Obviously, therefore, Madame Forestier would dispose of the jewels, buy herself a paste necklace, and hand the balance to the Loisels; and the balance, even allowing for jeweller's profits, would perhaps be not less than thirty thousand francs. In Paris thirty thousand francs is a great deal, and the Loisels would have been to some extent, if far from adequately, compensated for their privations.

Had Balzac been telling this tale he would undoubtedly have let the reader know from the beginning that the necklace was false. Such candour, instead of detracting from the harrowing effectiveness of the narration, would have intensified it. What could be more harrowing than to watch a protracted martyrdom, knowing all the time that if the martyrs knew what you knew the martyrdom would cease, would never have occurred? And Balzac would have finished the story. In de Maupassant's version the real tragic significance of the Loisels' privations is withheld from the reader so long that it can be appreciated only in recollection. In fine, all considerations of truth and genuine art are ignored in order that the reader may be dazzled by the swift flash of a magnesium light, deluded by a conjuring trick, laid flat by a single blow. The inexcusable fault of the tale is that it depends on a mere trick, a device hit on in a chance moment, and executed for the delectation of the groundlings and the obfuscation of the weak in judgment.

My excuse for this detailed examination of a somewhat trifling achievement in art is that *The Necklace* is the prototype of the very modern short story. There is a vague idea abroad that the tricky craft of *The Necklace* is "the art of the short story." Nine tenths of all magazine stories depend for their effect on a trick-plot. In Grub Street one hears the phrase: What a splendid idea for a short story! Indeed, unless a story possesses this trickiness, the editors complain that it had no plot. And so the meaning of the term "plot" has been ridiculously narrowed, and the short story has become a weird monstrosity with a distended climax, to which every other part of its organism is absolutely subservient. Stories must of course have a climax, as camels must have a hump; they would be indefensible without one; but they need not consist solely of climax—and a trick climax at that! Not ingenuity, but form, not hard knocks, but sustained power, make for excellence in art. As regards novels, this is fairly well recognised; but the notion that short stories are "somewhat different" persists. Short stories are not different.

In the sense in which the phrase "the art of the short story" is generally used, there is no "art of the short story." The short story is not susceptible of any peculiar and distinctive definition. A short story is merely a short-story, and there's an end on it. Some writers, especially American writers, have attempted to sequester the short story and give it a little republic of its own. They have said that it is subject to special rules, and that of the proper short story certain particulars of subject and form can be postulated. The only particular that can be postulated of a short story is its shortness: nothing else whatever. One is told, for example, that a proper short story deals with one person, and that the events of it materially alter his life; that a proper short story deals with one episode; that a proper short story covers a certain limited space of time; and so on. But it will be quite easy for everyone familiar with the literature of short stories to produce examples of proper short stories which escape every definition save that of shortness. And even the indispensable shortness may be achieved in either of two ways. A short story may relate an event

actually brief with the same fulness of detail as would mark the relation of that event in a novel; or it may relate an event actually long, or a long succession of events, in bare outline. A specimen of the first sort is de Maupassant's *An Idyll*, and of the second his *Odyssey of a Girl*. There is no reason whatever why the *Odyssey of a Girl*, though a perfectly proper short story, should not have been executed as a novel similar to de Goncourt's *La Fille Elisa*. There is no reason why *The Necklace* should not have been a novel; it would have made, when divested of its Jack-in-the-box surprise, an excellent novel. On the other hand, there is no reason why Mr. Kipling's novel, *Captains Courageous*, should not have been a short story. Every novel would be a short story if it was short enough; and every short story would be a novel if it was long enough, and certain short stories and certain novels are obviously capable of an expansion or a contraction which would not mar, and might possibly increase, their impressiveness.

E. A. B.

## Impressions.

### The Part and the Whole.

OUTSIDE, on the downs, in the large patience of the autumn day, life had seemed comprehensible, if not exhilarating; but here, in the wood, all was dank and dark. There was no path, and no horizon. The trees, in their mantle of moisture, with last year's leaves soddening about their roots, shut out all wholesome sights. It was as if we had dropped down into a dungeon.

"All discomfort is temporary," said my companion. "A fly crawling over an orange and meeting a pin-point of mildew does not sit down and sob—'All life is mildew.' No! It crawls away to a better place. It is brooding on the part that's confusing and depressing. Error comes through seeing in part. It takes a big man to see the whole, and if he be articulate, he gives the world what the world calls truth. And truth persists through the centuries and all changes. When now and then in our lives we little men say 'that it is truth,' with an air of conviction that is inwardly half amazement and half joy, it means that we have escaped temporarily from the part which is individuality and have seen the Whole. Truth —"

Here I broke in. My contribution to the discussion was modest. It consisted of one word. "Look!" In the distance, through the crowding tree trunks, as if a trap-door had been suddenly opened above a dungeon, shone the clear light of the austere autumn day. We pushed towards the gleam in silence, forced our way through the fringe of undergrowth, and came out upon the ridge. The world lay outstretched beneath.

The ridge upon which we stood went down steeply to the white ribbon of road that skirted the huddle of hills and felt for its way through pastures, linking village to village till it disappeared behind a distant hill. We threw ourselves down and looked out upon the world. Close to where we sat the turf had been wantonly cut away, showing the white chalk bed. This mutilation of the green hill-side extended downwards to the road. It was as if a huge piece of rough white paper had been pasted on the hill-side. I kicked one of the pieces of chalk; it rolled over the brow of the hill and disappeared. I wondered who had done this vandal work, and why. There seemed no purpose in it. The rough bed of disclosed chalk was useless—an eyesore. It was too steep for a road, too shallow for a quarry. How explain it except as the night-work of a thief who had stolen the turf to carpet his garden? It annoyed me. Then the sun came out, and fell so dazzlingly on the chalk that we shaded our eyes, rose, descended the hill, and struck across the country to the distant hill.



I did not turn again till we reached that hill. But when I did turn, and looked over the path we had followed, I started. For suddenly, in quite a simple way, I saw the whole. What, where we had rested, had seemed a meaningless scratching away of the turf, was one of the arms of a gigantic cross that lay out—symmetrical, dazzling on the hill-side. It was a real cross, cut there in the turf long ago by an Oxford College, and repaired every seven years. There it shone, white and large, the paramount appeal of the landscape: the turf around was a background, the trees above dark sentinels.

My companion continued his remarks. "Pagan and Christian alike have seen the whole. Confucius saw it, and Paul saw it. A greater than Paul saw it always, Paul saw it often. He saw it when he said: 'For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.' When I was a child ———. You remember! Maeterlinck says somewhere that, as we ourselves grow better, we meet better men. Maeterlinck sees the whole sometimes."

## Drama.

### Comedy *minus* the Comic Idea.

"The Wisdom of Folly" is a title full of dramatic suggestion. It might belong to a comedy of romantic sentiment, in which the things that are hidden from the wise and prudent are revealed unto babes; or it might belong to a comedy with a critical outlook upon life resembling that of Shakespeare's *Touchstone*, who used his folly as a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that shot his wit. It has, unfortunately, no obvious relationship to Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's play, the abundant folly of which is unsweetened by an ounce of wisdom, which is empty of sentiment, and which looks neither upon life nor upon one of the more plausible caricatures that upon the stage conventionally pass for life. The brief analysis of the thing is as follows: Mrs. Rose, described as a "fluffy-minded" woman, resides at the Manor House, Little Wimersh. There is a Mr. Rose who, after two months of married life, presented Mrs. Rose with the epithet appropriate to her temperament and, not unwisely, departed. His portrait, in side-whiskers, adorns the wall, and is from time to time the object of certain "fluffy" objurgations by his grass-widow. Fifteen years have elapsed, and Mrs. Rose is now awaiting with some impatience the hour which is to make her a widow indeed. So are her suitors, composed of a blustering general, a bluff admiral, and a lugubrious gentleman who, I am sorry to say, is represented as an ex-Parliamentary clerk to the Board of Education. In Act I., each of these old fogies induces Mrs. Rose to sign a document which, in accordance with stage legal practice, is neither witnessed, stamped, nor given for valuable consideration, binding herself not to marry the rival whom he fears the most. The result is, of course, that she is debarred from marrying any one of them. The deprivation neither is, nor appears to the lady, very great. At the end of the act, Mrs. Rose is informed by a lawyer of the death of her husband. In Act II., Mr. Rose's will is read, and it appears that he has left his wife £4,000 a year on two conditions. One is that she shall not wear mourning; the other that she shall marry again within a week. It is easy not to wear mourning, especially as the dress just sent home does not fit. But it is not so easy, at Little Wimersh, ten miles from a railway station, to find a husband. Mrs. Rose is in despair. In Act III., the three old fogies urge their suits. They are rejected, and in the

lame conclusion Mrs. Rose marries the lawyer, who appears to be the only other man available.

I have set out Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's theme, omitting the part which refers to Mrs. Rose's fatuous waiting-maid, her more fatuous niece, and her niece's still more fatuous lover, not for any pleasure that I find in dwelling upon it, but in order to point out how completely it fails to satisfy the conditions of any recognisable type of humorous drama. The irresponsibility of its personages to the actual probabilities of human character and conduct brings it within the region of farce. But it answers neither to the ancient formula of farce, according to which it is a brutal and realistic exaggeration of every-day low life, nor to the modern formula, which makes it the logical and laughable development of an initial absurdity. "The Wisdom of Folly" has, of course, its initial absurdity, in the impossible signing of the impossible documents: but this stands in no relation to the working out of the plot, so far as there is a plot to work out, for it merely excludes Mrs. Rose from marriage with three persons, no one of whom would she, in any case, have contemplated marrying. The introduction of a second absurdity in the provisions of the will is bad farce economics, and it also leads to nothing, for the solution of the problem by the marriage with the lawyer is so obvious as to afford no interest of intrigue whatever.

On the other hand, "The Wisdom of Folly" has no claim to rank as comedy in the true sense; for the true comedy imperatively demands the comic idea. The use of comedy, says Mr. Meredith, is "in teaching the world to understand what ails it." It is a criticism of life, or at least of manners, none the less penetrating and essential in that it makes its appeal not to the central understanding itself, but to those sensitive antennæ by means of which much of the delicate perceptive work of the understanding is done, the risible faculties. Comedy lays its finger upon the vanities, the meannesses, the affectations, the illogicalities, the conventions, that clog humane living, and by the ordeal of laughter they stand declared for what they are. Nor are this fundamental brain-work and this dominance of critical intention inconsistent with that brilliance and unexpectedness of dialogue and situation which a refined palate has come to look for in comedy. The wittiest of plays, since Sheridan, is probably "The Importance of Being Earnest"; and it is precisely the one in which the comic idea, with its gravely ironic acceptance of the serious devotion which the customs of society at one time compelled its members to bestow upon trifles, has most supreme control. Laughter, without the comic idea, is but as the crackling of thorns beneath the pot.

If I lay stress upon the failure of "The Wisdom of Folly" to fulfil the somewhat exacting canons of comedy or usefully to illumine the frailties and perversities of contemporary manners, I shall perhaps be accused of breaking a butterfly upon a wheel. I should not wish to do that. A butterfly is so gracious a creature, with its delicate evanescent colouring and its whimsical flight, that one would never dream of asking it for a conscience and a mission in life. Or, to drop the metaphor, pure unadulterated fooling is such a good thing, that where it is present in abundance the absence of the serious purpose of comedy may reasonably enough be overlooked. But I do not think that "The Wisdom of Folly" is good fooling at all. It bored me, and it left rather a bad taste in the mouth. Occasionally it is a trifle improper, with the milk and water impropriety to which the censor appears to be always ready to give official sanction. More often it is merely inept. It attempts epigrams, which almost invariably miss fire. It abuses, to an exasperating degree, the common stage trick of the repeated situation. The humour of simple repetition is, I am afraid, one to which I am insensitive. I cannot laugh when Mrs. Rose, for the tenth time, asks somebody to lend her a pocket-handkerchief, or tells a fourth suitor, as she has already told the



other three, that she is sure he is "a flagstone in the pillar of the empire." But I observe that there is no joke so inane as not to meet with a responsive chuckle in somebody's breast. Probably plays get the audience they deserve, and an incompatibility in the sense of humour is the chiefest barrier between man and man.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

## Art.

### Copyists and Craftsmen.

THE industrious folk who copy pictures—who are they? Officially they are called students: you may see them any students-day at the National Gallery making copies, without a qualm, of Titian, or Turner, or Tintoretto. They pursue their tasks cheerfully, chattering and promenading between whiles. Do they ever cease to be copyists? Does one ever say, "Go to! I have copied enough. Now I will be myself?" And what becomes of all the copies? A dark question that. Address it to the right person and he will smile, and, like the beaver, look the other way.

Plainly, copying pictures is a pleasant way for ladies, with small but sufficient incomes, to pass their time. The airs of Bohemia are wafted across Suburbia. Most of the copyists are ladies, and I can understand the feeling, half shame, half gaiety, with which one settles down, on a fine October morning, to wrest the secret of the undying charm from Piero di Cosimo's "Death of Procris," or to copy Moroni's grave tailor, or some exquisitely simple Florentine head, or a wistful Madonna of Botticelli's, or some solemn unapproachable portrait that Velasquez took in his easy stride. Of course the emprise is doomed to failure, but there is something of heroism in the intention. Anybody might make such an attempt, and speak of it without a blush, at tea; but when it comes to copying pictures at the Tate Gallery—is it not an occasion for the exercise of parental authority?

I have nothing to say against the Tate Gallery. It has a delightful situation against the grey river, and if we are patient, all intelligent cabmen will in time learn the way there. The gallery contains many interesting pictures and some fine examples. And I have nothing to say against Mr. Marcus Stone, Mr. Frank Dicksee, Mr. Val. Prinsep, Mr. Colin Hunter, or Mr. Frank Millet. They are successful painters, basking in various ways in the sun of good fortune. But are their works such that an intelligent father who takes in "The Art Journal," or an artistic husband who subscribes to the "Connoisseur," should permit his daughter, or his wife, to copy. Well, permission or not, they do so.

On two days a week the Tate Gallery is given up to the copyists. A country gentleman dropping in there last Tuesday could not have concealed his embarrassment. He would have found himself in a garden of girls—of various ages. How conscientious they are! One was measuring a tree with a piece of string; another, to secure the atmospheric illusion of a dark picture, had secluded herself behind a crêpe curtain. But the centre of interest was Mr. Marcus Stone's "Il-y-en-a toujours un autre." Two ladies were copying it energetically. Mr. Millet's "Between Two Fires" also had two adherents. Mr. MacWhirter's "June in the Austrian Tyrol," Mr. Prinsep's "Ayesa," and Mr. Dicksee's "The Two Crowns" had each one admiring copyist. The gallery looked like a huge painting school of sorts. In one room sacred to the Chantrey pictures I counted fourteen copyists. The air was heavy with paint, and as the sight of such ineffectual effort was not inspiring, I went out upon the terrace and thought of the Crafts, as a relief from this facile expiation of one of the Arts. The work

of a craftsman I had once known came back to me. He lived in a cottage in the country—a cottage, but every room, the furniture and the decorations, bore, like Albert Durer's house, the impress of an artistic individuality. Below was the smithy; in one room was the metal shop; in another the melting furnace; in a third the press, and in the parlour, glimmering on a large sheet of white paper, was the work—enamels, rings, necklaces, utensils of hammered metal—that he had done with his own hands during the past year. It was a heartrending sight, this artist whose name I have forgotten, far from men, lonely happy, making things that will be always serviceable, and always beautiful.

That memory recalled to me the fact that my pocket-book contained an invitation card to inspect the works and designs of the members of the Guild of Handicraft at the Woodbury Gallery in New Bond Street. Thither I went, and on the way recalled all I knew about the Guild. It was started with high aims by Mr. C. R. Ashbee fourteen years ago, on co-operative lines. It purposed to set a higher standard of craftsmanship, to find a mean between the independence of the artist (which we are told is individualistic and often parasitical, and with which *ex cathedra* statement I do not agree), and the trade shop. For thirteen years the Guild has been housed in a stately Queen Anne building, a relic of ancient days, in east London. A few months ago the entire community, workmen, families, presses, tools were removed to a remote village in Gloucestershire—Campden, once, in the middle ages, a seat of the wool trade, and, in the eighteenth century, prospering with silk mills. Then silence fell on Campden, on its old seventeenth century stone houses, on its fourteenth century church, on the timid articulations of the stream that once turned the silk mill. In this ancient spot, beneath the shade of a great pear tree and bordered by a rose garden, the Guild of Handicraft has planted its workshops. An ideal place, a fine intention, a great opportunity for the serious craftsman. Thence, surely, should come simple designs, architectonic wisdom, exact taste, perfect workmanship; nothing meretricious, nothing florid, nothing base; there the wayfaring householder should feel that he will not be bidden to buy this because it is "the rage," or that because an Archduchess has smiled upon the pattering. With such pleasant anticipations I lulled myself on the journey from the Tate Gallery to Bond Street.

The first product of the Guild of Handicraft workshops that met my eye staggered me. It was a grand piano in the street window of the exhibition rooms. A grand piano did I say? rather a gigantic Christmas card. Above the key-board were nine painted figures of maidens, dressed in the usual art fabrics, with the usual simper, and the usual garlands of flowers. Eight more minced on the side wings. Inside the raised cover of the instrument were additional maidens entwined in musical texts, and pictorial incidents. The effect was garish and distracting. A blind musician might play Chopin or Beethoven on it, but a pianist with normal sight and normal sensibilities would shrink from anything more serious than a Gaiety musical comedy. I found myself in agreement with a pleasant-looking Philistine who paused by my side at the shop window, his coat and hat betokening that he was a sportsman. He gazed at the piano, then glanced at me and said, "that's a rummy looking thing."

It was a bad beginning. My expression was grave as I passed through the swing doors into the exhibition rooms, but it lightened many times during my tour of the crowded exhibits. I liked the Guild's fanciful and barbaric jewellery, their printed books, their bindings, their beaten-metal table dishes, simple in design, and unworried with decoration. I liked an inkpot, a candlestick, some chairs and a bed, but the strange thing about the Guild is that while it can produce good work (so can the "trade shop") it is apparently unable to resist the temptation to

produce just those trivialities and over-decorated articles which it proposes to exorcise from the handicraft world. One of the prominent exhibits is a writing bureau which is just what a writing bureau should not be. The writer's head is almost hidden under a projecting top-piece, an arrangement all sensitive writers abhor, and when he looks up from his paper, his eyes are distracted by a dazzle of white wood, and no fewer than twelve metal handle plates staring symmetrically from twelve drawers. If we are told that the Guild makes such bureaus and pianos because wealthy buyers demand them, then all I can say is that the Guild should remove to larger premises in the Tottenham Court Road.

The Guild of Handicraft takes itself very seriously. If the Guild desires that others should also take it seriously, the presiding craftsman must vigorously winnow the chaff of his invention from the grain.

C. L. H.

## Science.

### The Pretended Science of Astrology.

"THE splendid imposture of Judicial Astrology"—to use Scott's phrase—seems to be again rearing its head, and another magazine devoted to it has just been added to those already published in London. No doubt its readers will be drawn exclusively from the large class of persons who, either from superstition and ignorance on the one hand, or from mysticism on the other, habitually give their belief without waiting for their reason to be convinced. Yet there is not at first sight any inherent absurdity in the theory that lies at the base of all astrological doctrine. If we assume—and the facts are so far entirely in favour of the assumption—that the constitutions and temperaments of individuals differ from one another in particulars for which heredity is an insufficient explanation, it is consistent with all that we know of the universe that these variations occur in some regular and predetermined order. That this order can have anything to do with the stars may, indeed, appear a fantastic imagining; but when we consider that the movements of the heavenly bodies have always formed and probably will always form man's chief measure of time, a connection is seen that was not at first apparent. If we look upon the stars as the hands of a gigantic clock, and the different varieties of individual constitution as assigned to different moments of cosmical time, we have a perfectly consistent theory of the action of the stars upon the individual. All that would then remain to establish the theory on a scientific basis, would be to note the variations of constitution that correspond to different moments of cosmical time, and to deduce from them the order in which they occur and recur. As we shall presently see, this is a process that has never been followed by any devotee of the so-called science of astrology.

The means adopted by astrologers for ascertaining the relative positions of the heavenly bodies at the birth of the individual—which in their jargon is called casting a horoscope—are extremely simple. The Zodiac or apparent path traced by the sun in his yearly course through certain constellations is its basis, and their first care is to note the particular part of the Zodiac which appears on the horizon at the moment of birth. The Zodiac is then divided into twelve parts called "houses," and the places of the "planets," including in this phrase the sun and moon, with reference to the Zodiac are next ascertained and inserted in their respective houses. When this is complete, the astrologer has a tolerably correct diagram of the heavens as they would appear at the birth to a person standing upon the earth at the particular spot where the birth takes place. This geocentric way of looking at

things is to be accounted for by the fact that when men first began to cast horoscopes, they imagined the earth to be the centre of the universe, but viewing the whole process as a means of fixing a given moment of cosmical time, it is at least as good as any other. The places of the stars and planets were before the rise of Greek astronomy ascertained by actual inspection of the sky, but can now be determined to the fraction of a second by spherical trigonometry. But there is no occasion for the astrologer to be even acquainted with this. Thanks to the ephemerides, or almanacks giving the daily place of the heavenly bodies, issued for the use of navigators and to the invention of logarithms, all the data required for casting a horoscope can be acquired by anyone acquainted with the elementary rules of arithmetic. It would, therefore, cost nothing but a little patience for anyone to form a *corpus* or collection of horoscopes of individuals the time of whose birth can be accurately ascertained, and from them to deduce the canon of any correspondence that might appear between the configuration of the heavenly bodies and the accidents of their lives.

It is not, however, in this way that the pretended science of astrology is constituted. When the horoscope is cast, it has to be judged or interpreted—or in other words, the bodily form, mental peculiarities, and the leading events likely to happen to the "native" or person for whom it is cast have to be predicted from its appearance. But the rules by which this prediction is made are derived not from any systematic collection and observation of facts, but from tradition, and this tradition can be traced in essential points to one source. With the single exception of predictions arising out of the movements of the planets Uranus and Neptune, which were undiscovered three centuries ago, this one source is the Tetrabiblos of Ptolemy, a work which cannot, on any hypothesis, be assigned to an earlier date than 140 A.D. It is from this work that we learn that the planets Mars and Saturn have a "hostile" or malefic influence, Jupiter and Venus a friendly or benefic, and the other planets a varying influence upon the fortunes of the native. From the same source we hear that the "aspect" or figure formed by these planets with each other and with the earth is sometimes good and sometimes evil, the "trine" or angle of  $120^\circ$  and the "sextile" or angle of  $60^\circ$  being favourable, and the "square" or angle of  $90^\circ$  and its double the opposition being unfavourable; and further, that the houses or divisions of the Zodiac in which they are found have each their significance. Thus, it is said that the first house or "ascendant" is connected with the nature, life and health of the native, the second house or that next to rise with his fortune, the third with his relations, and so on. As to the new planets Uranus and Neptune, they are, apparently, kept in reserve as a kind of "bisque" or extra stroke to be taken when the unfortunate astrologer might otherwise find his predictions falsified by the facts, it having from the first been decided by the practitioners of the science that the influence of Uranus was spasmodic and violent, while that of Neptune is said to be, on the whole, fortunate. On these few simple rules, all astrological predictions are based.

When we are thus referred to a single source for all the rules of a so-called science, it behoves us to examine this source carefully, and it is here that the word imposture can be most justly used with reference to astrology. For the evidence that would connect the name of Ptolemy with the rules above sketched is such as would not satisfy the most conservative of critics. There was, indeed, a Claudius Ptolemy who flourished in Alexandria about the middle of the second century, and who has left us works on geography and astronomy which are for all time magnificent contributions to science. His *Syntaxis* or *Almagest*—to call it by its Arabic name—gives us, although founded on a misconception of the planet's orbits, a perfectly trustworthy system of measuring the heavens and formed upon



its first appearance the basis of the science of navigation. But throughout this magnificent work there is no word or hint of astrology, nor anything to induce us to suppose that the author is responsible for the farrago of rubbish known as the Tetrabiblos. Neither have we any contemporary MSS. of the astrological treatise which masquerades under the name of the great astronomer. The mediæval copies from which modern astrologers have derived their tradition are confessedly a paraphrase of the original treatise attributed, on I know not what grounds, to Proclus the Neoplatonist, who lived three centuries later than Ptolemy; while the only MS. which does not bear the name of Proclus is so condensed that it is plainly only the epitome of a longer one. And when we look at the text of either the paraphrase or the epitome, we see that it is impossible that their original could have been written by anyone with any astronomical knowledge at all. The writer, after referring at great length to the traditions of the Egyptian and the Chaldean astrologers, whose doctrines, as we know from Sextus Empiricus, differed in many material points, casts aside any attempt to ascertain accurately the state of the heavens at birth, and advocates instead a mode of ascertaining the zodiacal degree on the horizon which is about as rational as leaving it to be decided by the tossing up of a halfpenny. And in his attribution of certain influences to the different planets, aspects, and houses, it is plain that he is guided not by observation, but by mystical motives which have no foundation in reason whatever. His view of the influence of the planets is dictated by the supposed characteristics of the heathen gods whose names they bear, while the supposed virtues and vices of the aspects are derived from a mystical theory of numbers which attributes good qualities to the odd and evil to the even ones. Any unprejudiced person who will take the trouble to look at the works of James Wilson, perhaps the only modern writer on astrology who has permitted himself to speak frankly on the matter, will agree with him that the system of the Tetrabiblos is "evidently a system of Divination in which no real operation of Nature is included, except in a figurative sense."

F. LEGGE.

## Correspondence.

### Some Fallacies 'about the Short Story.

SIR,—Although I quite agree with your contributor "E. A. B." as to the excellence of English short-story writing, yet I think he hardly disproves the publishers' assertion that volumes of short stories do not "pay." It is lamentable that it should be so, for the short story can hardly be expected to flourish as it ought whilst there is nothing before it but a month's publicity in a magazine. Your contributor gives a list of twelve writers "who have made their reputations by means of short stories." He further says of the twelve writers he names, "in most instances when the author has turned to novels his reputation has suffered a decline." This, however, would by no means apply to five of the twelve. Let us take, as an example, Mr. Henry Harland. His volumes of short stories, *Made-moiselle Miss*, *Comedies and Errors*, and *Grey Roses*, were undoubtedly artistic successes; but he failed to achieve a popular success until he wrote *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*. This book has met with a surprising reception; and it is, I believe, mainly owing to the novel's astounding sale that the short-story volumes have been dragged into second and third editions. Yet, I think, few will deny that there is better work in *Grey Roses* than in *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*. The depressing inference seems to be that although exquisite short stories may "pay" passably well, yet a novel which is merely good has a vastly larger public waiting for it. Have we ever heard of a book of short stories selling like *The Master Christian* or *The Eternal*

*City*? I think if we took some writer whose excellence in both classes of work is undoubted—say Thomas Hardy—and could ascertain the proportion which the average sales of his short-story volumes bear to the average sales of his novels we should have some grounds on which to base our estimate of the relative popularity of short stories.—Yours, &c.,

Yarra, Holland Road,  
Sutton Coldfield.

GEORGE EASTGATE.

SIR,—In my capacity as the chief librarian of a large and successful subscription library kept going by people in easy circumstances, a careful observation of the books read clearly proves in Hull, at all events, short stories are not appreciated. We usually get from twenty to sixty copies of a popular novel, as our readers want books as soon as issued. Six is the greatest number of a volume of short stories we have had in circulation. Forty copies are usually in circulation of a well-known lady's novel, but the same author published a collection of short stories and two copies met all our requirements.—Yours, &c.,

Royal Institution, Hull.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

[Our correspondent's statements do not vitiate those of "E. A. B." That Mr. Henry Harland had achieved a reputation before *The Cardinal's Snuff Box* is indubitable.]

### An Autograph Poem of Robert Burns.

SIR,—I have discovered among the papers of an old library a manuscript poem which, after careful comparison with the undoubted originals in the British Museum and submission to competent authorities, I am satisfied is an authentic autograph of Robert Burns. It is the poem commencing: "Adown winding Nith I did wander," and is one of those sent to Mr. Thomson by Burns for the edition of *Scottish Songs with Music*. My copy, however, is clearly not the copy sent to the printer, but the actual original sent to the lady to whom it is addressed. It has evidently been folded and kept as a letter, and it is written on two pages of a sheet of royal bath post letter paper bearing the "G. R." water-mark. In one edition of Burns's poems there are, I believe, seven verses of this poem. In other editions one verse is deleted. My autograph copy contains six verses, and the poet has appended to the last line of the second verse—"For she is Simplicity's Child"—a characteristic note of two lines, and has also superscribed it at the foot: "To Miss Phillis McMurdo—with the Bard's most respectful Comptents." The whole of the poem, the note, and the superscription are in the undoubted handwriting of the poet.

Although I have no doubt of the genuineness of this autograph I should be very grateful, in view of the several forgeries of Burns's autographs which have occurred, of any information which would confirm and establish its authenticity, and especially I should be glad to know whether the existence of any other holograph copy of this poem is known, and if so where it is to be found.—Yours, &c.,

89, Elm Grove Road,  
Barnes.

MAURICE H. TRUELOVE.

### "By Different Hands."

SIR,—In a recent issue "Bookworm," in referring to Mr. N. H. Dole's edition of the works of Goethe and Schiller, says: "His idea is to reproduce the best available translations by different hands. . . . The principle might be applied with good effect to more than one foreign lyrical poet—take Heine, for instance." Is not Messrs. Scott's edition of Heine in the *Canterbury Poets* compiled on this principle? In it are translations by Sir Theodore Martin, Longfellow, James Thomson, Lord Lytton, Lord Houghton, and others.—Yours, &c.,

Manchester.

RACHEL HANKINSON.

## Our Weekly Competition.

## Result of No. 160 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best example, or examples, of anticipatory slang in poetry. We award it to the Rev. R. Gifford Wood, Kirkby Ravensworth Grammar School, Richmond, Yorks, for the following:—

On some rock the wild wave wraps,  
With folding wings they waiting sit  
For my bark, to pilot it  
To some calm and *blooming cave*.  
—Shelley. Written in the Euganean Hills.  
Is thy love a *plant*?  
—Shelley.

Other specimens follow:—

*What ho!*  
—Shakespeare, "Cymbeline." Act. I.  
[H. A. M., Covent Garden.]

*Rats!*  
—Browning, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."  
Perseverance, dear my lord, keeps *honour bright*.  
—Shakespeare, "Troilus and Cressida." Act III., sc. 3.  
[F. R. C., London Docks.]

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, 'ere I went to rest,  
Did I look on great Orion *sloping slowly* to the West.  
—Locksley Hall.  
[C. J. C., London.]

As *ghastly* bug 'oes greatly them affare.  
—Spenser, "Faery Queene."  
I reck not if the wolves would *jaw me*.  
—Fletcher, "Two Noble Kinsmen."  
[T. C. Buxted.]

'Twas even an *awful shine*  
From the exaltation of Apollo's bow.  
—Keats, "Endymion."

*What ho!* you men, you beasts.  
—Romeo and Juliet," Act I., sc. 1.  
Shall have the *chinks*.  
—Romeo and Juliet," Act I., sc. 5.  
[F. M. S., St. Leonards-on-Sea.]

Milton speaks of "*blooming Eve* in her *blasted* Paradise."  
[E. R., Bushey.]

Alas, how *slim*—dishonourably *slim*!  
And, crammed into space we blush to name.  
—Robert Blair, "The Grave"  
[A. H., Birmingham.]

His presence soon *blows up* the kindling fight.  
—Dryden, "Annus Mirabilis."

Stars *shut up shop*, mists pack away,  
And the moon mourns.  
—Henry Vaughan ("Silurist"), "Faith."  
Condition, circumstance is *not the thing*.  
—Pope, "Essay on Man," IV. 57.

But *rattling* nonsense in full volleys breaks.  
—Pope, "Essay on Criticism."  
Come then my friend, my genius, *come along*,  
O master of the poet and the song.  
—Pope, "Essay on Man," Ep. IV.

The various terrors of that *horrid* shore.  
—Goldsmith, "Deserted Village."

Who lives with you lives like those *knowing* flowers.  
Henry Vaughan ("Silurist"), "To his Books."

Phœbus, arise!  
And *paint* the sable skies  
With azure white and red.  
—William Drummond of Hawthornden, "Invocation."  
A rose, besides his beauty, is a *cure*.  
—George Herbert, "Providence."

That *killing* power is none of thine;  
I gave it to thy voice and eyes.  
—Thomas Carew, "Ingrateful Beauty Threatened"  
(addressed to Celia).  
[M. A. C., Cambridge.]

## Competition No. 161 (New Series).

On page 408 will be found some aphorisms in verse extracted from a recently published volume. This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best aphorism in verse on some phase of the Education Bill: length four lines.

## RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 22 October, 1902. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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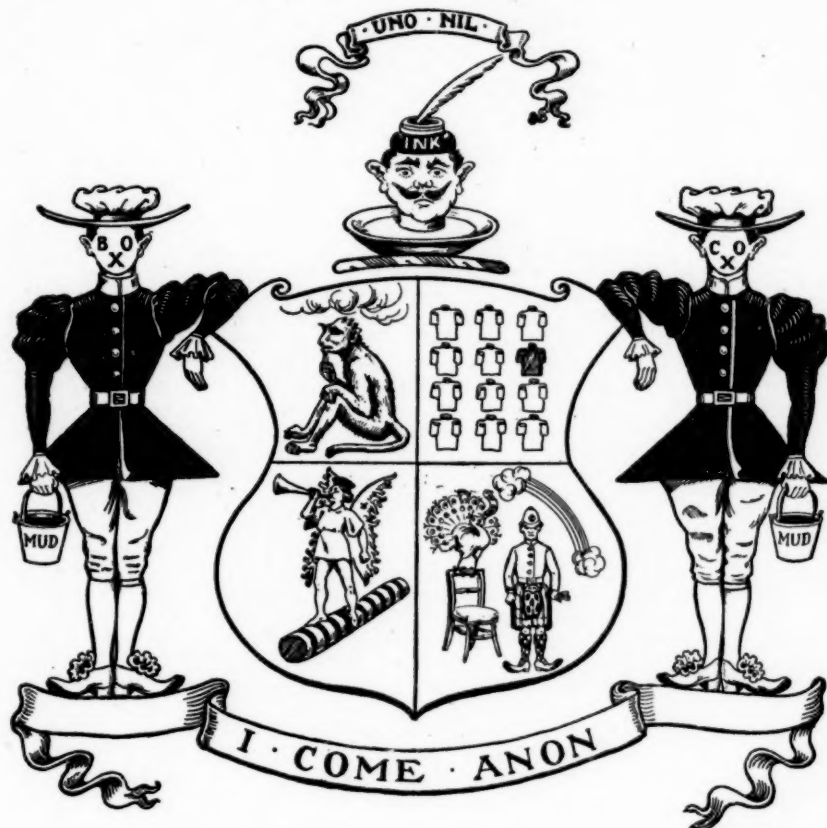
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ARMS / Quarterly / i. In a garden of Whitehall, an Ancestor, Darwiny to the n<sup>th</sup>, squatty under a cloud, chilly from defective circulation and smartly from an attack of the azures / ij. In a field of St. George twelve feudal coats, eleven kalendered proper but cribby in their origin, the sixth bungly improper to the last degree / iij. In a house of Burlington, on a log archæologically roly in its magpiety and convenient on occasion, a herald angel puff on its own trumpet, the wings clippy and handi-cappy of loftie flights / iiij. In buildings breamy, an editorial chair, ricketty, thereon a peacock in its pride nettled, holding in its beak a scroll bearing the legend "Rend all," its eye on a kilted Constable on doubleday duty; a rainbow of Hope-deferred sinister-ways. CREST / On a charger a barronial head swell to the full, facially fretty, bearded in his den proper, crowned with a pitcher of ink azure-sable ready to be slung, a single feather in the cap *Anser*-stral to the naked eye. SUPPORTERS / Two critics of necessity, heraldically *non compos*, paly with mud galore and counterchangeably billetty / the dexter, a pedant as Box / the sinister, a cleric as Cox / In a publisher's *sanctum-sanctorum*, an invisible esccheon of pretence charged with the carefully thought out family tree of a would-be-knighted editor-general, hanged, drawn and quartered on the imperceptible olive branches of a twentieth century baronet, all prospectively on the cards, and debased by Volume I. of a county history remainder in flames. / \* MOTTOES / i. + Uno nil. + ii. + I come anon. +

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Prince Paul of Urseville-Beylestein, her hero, is represented in the first chapter as having taken to his bed and turned his face to the wall, in despair over the death of a girl in her teens. "Three months before she had been dancing in a cotillon; he could see her still, dressed as La Belle Simonetta, partner to himself, made up, inappropriately enough, as the young Rafael. It had been such a happy idea, and all her own—this fête in honour of the Old Masters. And now she was dead of typhoid fever, aged eighteen years and two days. Her tomb should be covered in lilies each day of the month for ever. He would build a marble pavilion to her memory—a pavilion where music should be perpetually played." We suspect before we have turned to the second page that the memory of the Countess Sophia is going to fade from the prince's mind with very little delay, and on the fourth we are convinced of it. "He looked around his room, hung with orange coloured silk, and resolved to have it all changed on the morrow. It should be purple. But, on the suggestion of Dr. Felshammer, his secretary, he left Paris that same evening for Salsomaggiore. For two days he read novels in bed, and smoked—speaking to no one." After that he looked out upon the landscape, and "all that was dreary in thought fled away; death itself, remembered in the sunlight, seemed but a calmer development of the joy of life." One might almost take him for a hopeless fribble. He is a prince in exile, with practically no chance of ever regaining the throne of his fathers. With a nature like his, how could he create the chance, or take advantage of it if it were offered to him? Dr. Felshammer, a hard man, of much intellect and power, and with a capacity for feeling despite his hardness, seems destined to wear his heart out in vain efforts to make his prince follow the course of a statesman. But even in the first page we discern, vaguely, the promise of something more than the light adventures of a male flirt, and presently we find ourselves liking the prince and believing in his future.

That future is determined, not by events in Urseville-Beylestein, but by the entrance upon the scene of Clementine Gloucester, the child of a gentleman and of a woman whose career has been so extremely variegated that Mr. Gloucester has brought up his daughter in the belief that her mother is dead. She reappears, but under another name, and never gives Clementine a hint of the relation between them. Here, by the way, Mrs. Craigie strikes the one false note in her book. The mother's concealment of her identity is made to appear natural enough, but that she could approach her daughter with the detachment ascribed to her by the author is scarcely credible. However, it is not with Mrs. Gloucester, or with Madame de Montgenays, as she is called when she returns from the past, that we are chiefly concerned. Though the story has many personages in it, the lovers hold the centre of the stage throughout, for when we are not listening to their talk we are listening, as a rule, to what the others are saying about them, or are watching what they are doing with direct reference to the two. The prince may seem incurably frivolous, but he has a heart and a mind, and both serve him well. Clementine, loving him deeply from the very outset, is for a time doubtful of his sincerity, but in the long run her first instinct is justified of itself.

While they are studying one another, and themselves, and are developing in character, the story revolves in various interesting circles. The reader is introduced to the society dominated by great financiers in London, and to that which the prince and his family make for themselves in the same city. He gets glimpses of more than one typical English interior, and there are passages of a strongly Bohemian cast relating to Madame de Montgenays and the American millionaire in whose honourable friendship she has found consolation for years of dubious excitement. Whatever the environment may be, Mrs. Craigie's picture of it is vivid and distinguished, as her portraits of her men and women are sympathetic and brilliant. The prince is charming. Clementine is adorable, though in applying that epithet to her we must add that it leaves much unexpressed. In Felshammer the author has drawn an unusually convincing type of the "powerful" man, a character energetic to the point of ferocity, but without a trace of the abnormal in his nature. The rest of the people in the book also make most interesting company, even the weak ones, for Mrs. Craigie looks at them from a point of view all her own, presents them always at a striking though perfectly natural angle, and causes them to appeal to us in a very human and beguiling way. The style of the novel is more or less epigrammatic. Here and there it is, if not exactly forced, at all events more paradoxical and amusing than persuasive. But in the main the author's art is exercised with peculiar delicacy and effect. "She looked as seldom as possible at the flowers," the author says of Clementine, when the girl is reflecting wistfully beside the roses and lilacs sent to her by Prince Paul. "She did not wish to watch them fade." Every page is rich in these little touches, the little half-lights and suggestions which reflect not so much the practised as the instinctively skilful hand. "Love and the Soul Hunters" is not a book for youthful minds, but one for mature men and women. To such readers it must bring a keen pleasure, touching them by the insight into human nature which it illustrates, and diverting them with its witty intellectuality.

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